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**ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.**  
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[The ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA has conferred as much honour on the literature of Scotland, as the great Parisian Encyclopædia on the literature of France. Both paved the way for a new race of books,—the one in shape, and the other in title. London had its various Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences; but these have since, in imitation of the great Scottish work, been converted, from unwieldy folios, into elegant quartos; and the old title has been changed, *à-la-mode Française*, into that of Cyclopædia and Encyclopædia. Perhaps no work of its bulk and price ever attained so extensive a circulation as the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is well known that the first enlarged edition made the fortunes of all concerned in it; and that its treatises were received as elementary systems of most popular subjects of study. It became, in truth, a species of itinerant University, reflecting the true picture of the state of knowledge among the laborious professors of the most enlightened University in the world. It was accordingly received every where as a book of authority, and so numerous are the reading public, to which such a work was especially addressed, that not less than thirty thousand copies have, in less than as many years, been distributed through the civilized world. The rival spirit of enterprise which, fortunately for the public, animates the great publishing booksellers of the first and second capitals of the empire, and which we are sorry to observe is so dormant in the third capital, led the opulent proprietors of Dr. Rees' edition of Chambers to determine on a parallel to the great Scottish work, by republishing it in quarto; and, though this vast undertaking exceeds in bulk and brilliancy the northern work as much as London exceeds Edinburgh, yet there is in the Scottish series a tried degree of merit, and a compactness of size and price, MONTHLY MAG. No. 293.]

which will long entitle it to the preference of numerous purchasers. To secure this preference, and confer on the *Encyclopædia Britannica* recommendations all its own, the proprietors have determined to print a Supplement to their last or fifth Edition, consisting partly of new and improved articles, which the progress of discovery and experiment rendered necessary; and partly of brief histories of the respective branches of knowledge, rendered luminous and interesting by the known ability of the authors engaged to write them. Portions of two of these histories have appeared; one by PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART, on his well-known subject, *the Human Mind*; and the other by PROFESSOR JOHN PLAYFAIR, as justly celebrated for his intellectual energies in *the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*. From the first parts of the Histories of these distinguished writers we have selected various passages, not only as specimens of superior composition, but of original views on subjects so often discussed. The works at large will recommend themselves to the attention of the public, and, when the continuations to the present time have appeared, we shall hasten, in like manner, to gratify our readers by specimens, which are likely to prove at least as original and interesting.]

PROFESSOR STEWART'S *History of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the revival of Letters in Europe.*

MACHIAVEL.

IN the mean time, a powerful obstacle to the progress of practical morality and of sound policy, was superadded to those previously existing in Catholic countries, by the rapid growth and extensive influence of the Machiavellian school. The founder of this new sect (or, to speak more correctly, the systematizer and apostle of its doctrine) was born as early as 1469, that is, about ten years before Luther; and, like that reformer, acquired, by the commanding superiority of his genius, an astonishing ascendant (though of a very different nature) over the minds of his followers. No writer, certainly, either in ancient or in modern times,



times, has ever united, in a more remarkable degree, a greater variety of the most dissimilar and seemingly the most discordant gifts and attainments;—a profound acquaintance with all those arts of dissimulation and intrigue, which, in the petty cabinets of Italy, were then universally confounded with political wisdom;—an imagination familiarised to the cool contemplation of whatever is perfidious or atrocious in the history of conspirators and of tyrants;—combined with a graphical skill in holding up to laughter the comparatively harmless follies of ordinary life. His dramatic humour has been often compared to that of Moliere; but it resembles it rather in comic force, than in benevolent gaiety, or in chastened morality. Such as it is, however, it forms an extraordinary contrast to that strength of intellectual character, which, in one page, reminds us of the deep sense of Tacitus, and, in the next, of the dark and infernal policy of Cæsar Borgia. To all this must be superadded a purity of taste, which has enabled him, as an historian, to rival the severe simplicity of the Grecian masters; and a sagacity in combining historical facts, which was afterwards to afford lights to the school of Montesquieu.

Eminent, however, as the talents of Machiavel unquestionably were, he cannot be numbered among the benefactors of mankind. In none of his writings does he exhibit any marks of that lively sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, or of that warm zeal for the interests of truth and justice, without the guidance of which the highest mental endowments, when applied to moral or to political researches, are in perpetual danger of mistaking their way. What is still more remarkable, he seems to have been altogether blind to the mighty changes in human affairs, which, in consequence of the recent invention of printing, were about to result from the progress of Reason and the diffusion of Knowledge. Through the whole of his "Prince" (the most noted as well as one of the latest of his publications), he proceeds on the supposition that the sovereign has no other object in governing but his own advantage; the very circumstance which, in the judgment of Aristotle, constitutes the essence of the worst species of tyranny. He assumes also the possibility of retaining mankind in perpetual bondage by the old policy of the *double doctrine*; or, in other words, by enlightening the few and hoodwinking the many;—a policy less or more prac-

tised by statesmen in all ages and countries; but which (wherever the freedom of the press is respected) cannot fail, by the insult it offers to the discernment of the multitude, to increase the insecurity of those who have the weakness to employ it. It has been contended, indeed, by some of Machiavel's apologists, that his real object in unfolding and systematising the mysteries of *King-craft*, was to point out indirectly to the governed the means by which the encroachments of their rulers might be most effectually resisted; and, at the same time, to satirise, under the ironical mask of loyal and courtly admonition, the characteristical vices of princes. But, although this hypothesis has been sanctioned by several distinguished names, and derives some verisimilitude from various incidents in the author's life, it will be found, on examination, quite untenable, and accordingly it is now, I believe, very generally rejected. One thing is certain, that, if such were actually Machiavel's views, they were much too refined for the capacity of his royal pupils. By many of these his book has been adopted as a manual for daily use; but I have never heard of a single instance in which it has been regarded by this class of students as a disguised panegyric upon liberty and virtue. The question concerning the *motives* of the author is surely of little moment, when experience has enabled us to pronounce so decidedly on the practical *effects* of his precepts.

LORD BACON.

The merits of Bacon, as the father of Experimental Philosophy, are so universally acknowledged, that it would be superfluous to touch upon them here. The lights which he has struck out in the various branches of the Philosophy of Mind, have been much less attended to; although the whole scope and tenor of his speculations shew that to this study his genius was far more strongly and happily turned, than to that of the Material World. It was not, as some seem to have imagined, by sagacious anticipations of particular discoveries afterwards to be made in physics, that his writings have had so powerful an influence in accelerating the advancement of that science. In the extent and accuracy of his physical knowledge, he was far inferior to many of his predecessors; but he surpassed them all in his knowledge of the laws, the resources, and the limits of the human understanding. The sanguine expectations with which he looked forwards to the future, were founded solely on



on his confidence in the untried capacities of the mind; and on a conviction of the possibility of invigorating and guiding, by means of logical rules, those faculties which, in all our researches after truth, are the organs or instruments to be employed. "Such rules," as he himself has observed, "do in some sort equal men's wits, and leave no great advantage or pre-eminence to the perfect and excellent motions of the spirit. To draw a straight line, or to describe a circle, by aim of hand only, there must be a great difference between an unsteady and unpractised hand, and a steady and practised; but to do it by rule or compass it is much alike."

Nor is it merely as a logician that Bacon is entitled to notice on the present occasion. It would be difficult to name another writer, prior to Locke, whose works are enriched with so many just observations on the intellectual phenomena. Among these, the most valuable relate to the laws of Memory and of Imagination; the latter of which subjects he seems to have studied with peculiar care. In one short but beautiful paragraph concerning *Poetry* (under which title may be comprehended all the various creations of this faculty), he has exhausted every thing that philosophy and good sense have yet had to offer on what has been since called the *beau idéal*; a topic which has furnished occasion to so many over-refinements among the French critics, and to so much extravagance and mysticism in the cloud-capt metaphysics of the new German school. In considering imagination as connected with the nervous system, more particularly as connected with that species of sympathy to which medical writers have given the name of *imitation*, he has suggested some very important hints, which none of his successors have hitherto prosecuted; and has, at the same time, left an example of cautious inquiry, worthy to be studied by all who may attempt to investigate the laws regulating the union between Mind and Body. His illustration of the different classes of prejudices incident to human nature is, in point of practical utility, at least equal to any thing on that head to be found in Locke; of whom it is impossible to forbear remarking, as a circumstance not easily explicable, that he should have resumed this important discussion, without once mentioning the name of his great predecessor. The chief improvement made by Locke, in the farther prosecution of the argument,

is the application of Hobbes's theory of association, to explain in what manner these prejudices are originally generated.

In Bacon's scattered hints on topics connected with the Philosophy of the Mind, strictly so called, nothing is more remarkable than the precise and just ideas they display of the proper aim of this science. He had manifestly reflected much and successfully on the operations of his own understanding, and had studied with uncommon sagacity the intellectual characters of others. Of the reflections and observations on both subjects he has recorded many important results; and has in general stated them without the slightest reference to any physiological theory concerning their causes, or to any analogical explanations founded on the caprices of metaphorical language. If, on some occasions, he assumes the existence of *animal spirits*, as the medium of communication between Soul and Body, it must be remembered that this was then the universal belief of the learned; and that it was, at a much later period, not less confidently avowed by Locke. Nor ought it to be overlooked (I mention it to the credit of both authors), that in such instances the *fact* is commonly so stated as to render it easy for the reader to detach it from the *theory*. As to the scholastic questions concerning the nature and essence of mind,—whether it be extended or unextended? whether it have any relation to space or to time? or whether (as was contended by others) it exist in *every ubi*, but in *no place*?—Bacon has uniformly passed them over with silent contempt; and has probably contributed not less effectually to bring them into general discredit, by this indirect intimation of his own opinion, than if he had descended to the ungrateful task of exposing their absurdity.

HOBBS.

"The philosopher of Malmesbury," says Dr. Warburton, "was the terror of the last age, as Tindall and Collins are of this. The press sweat with controversy, and every young churchman militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes's steel cap." Nor was the opposition to Hobbes confined to the clerical order, or to the controversialists of his own times. The most eminent moralists and politicians of the eighteenth century may be ranked in the number of his antagonists, and, even at the present moment, scarcely does there appear a new publication on *Ethics* or *Jurisprudence*,



dence, where a refutation of Hobbism is not to be found.

The fundamental doctrines inculcated in the political works of Hobbes are contained in the following propositions. I recapitulate them here, not on their own account, but to prepare the way for some remarks which I mean afterwards to offer on the coincidence between the principles of Hobbes and those of Locke. In their practical conclusions, indeed, with respect to the rights and duties of citizens, the two writers differ widely; but it is curious to observe how very nearly they set out from the same hypothetical assumptions.

All men are by nature equal; and, prior to government, they had all an equal right to enjoy the good things of this world. Man, too, is (according to Hobbes) by nature a solitary and purely selfish animal; the social union being entirely an interested league, suggested by prudential views of personal advantage. The necessary consequence is, that a state of nature must be a state of perpetual warfare, in which no individual has any other means of safety than his own strength or ingenuity; and in which there is no room for regular industry, because no secure enjoyment of its fruits. In confirmation of this view of the origin of society, Hobbes appeals to facts falling daily within the circle of our own experience. "Does not a man," he asks, "when taking a journey, arm himself, and seek to go well accompanied? When going to sleep, does he not lock his doors! Nay, even in his own house, does he not lock his chests? Does he not *there* as much accuse mankind by his actions, as I do by my words?" An additional argument to the same purpose may, according to some later Hobbists, be derived from the instinctive aversion of infants for strangers, and from the apprehension which (it is alleged) every person feels when he hears the tread of an unknown foot in the dark.

For the sake of peace and security, it is necessary that each individual should surrender a part of his natural right, and be contented with such a share of liberty as he is willing to allow to others; or, to use Hobbes's own language, "every man must divest himself of the right he has to all things by nature; the right of all men to all things being in effect no better than if no man had a right to any thing." In consequence of this transference of natural rights to an individual, or to a body of individuals, the multitude become one person, under the name of a

State or Republic, by which person the common will and power are exercised for the common defence. The ruling power cannot be withdrawn from those to whom it has been committed; nor can they be punished for misgovernment. The interpretation of the laws is to be sought, not from the comments of philosophers, but from the authority of the ruler; otherwise society would be every moment in danger of resolving itself into the discordant elements of which it was at first composed. The will of the magistrate, therefore, is to be regarded as the ultimate standard of right and wrong, and his voice to be listened to by every citizen as the voice of conscience.

Not many years afterwards, Hobbes pushed the argument for the absolute power of princes still further, in a work to which he gave the name of "*Leviathan*." Under this appellation he means the body politic; insinuating that man is an untameable beast of prey, and that government is the strong chain by which he is kept from mischief. The fundamental principles here maintained are the same as in the book "*De Cive*;" but, as it inveighs more particularly against *ecclesiastical* tyranny, with the view of subjecting the consciences of men to the civil authority, it lost the author the favour of some powerful protectors he had hitherto enjoyed among the English divines who attended Charles II. in France; and he even found it convenient to quit that kingdom, and to return to England, where Cromwell (to whose government his political tenets were now as favourable as they were meant to be to the royal claims) suffered him to remain unmolested. The same circumstances operated to his disadvantage after the Restoration, and obliged the king, who always retained for him a very strong attachment, to confer his marks of favour on him with the utmost reserve and circumspection.

#### DESCARTES.

It has been repeatedly asserted by the Materialists of the last century, that Descartes was the first metaphysician by whom the pure immateriality of the human soul was taught; and that the ancient philosophers, as well as the schoolmen, went no farther than to consider *mind* as the result of a material organization, in which the constituent elements approached to evanescence, in point of subtlety. Both of these propositions I conceive to be totally unfounded. That many of the schoolmen, and that the wisest of the ancient philosophers, when they



they described the mind as a *spirit*, or as a *spark of celestial fire*, employed these expressions, not with any intention to materialize its essence, but merely from want of more unexceptionable language, might be shewn with demonstrative evidence, if this were the proper place for entering into the discussion. But what is of more importance to be attended to, on the present occasion, is the effect of Descartes' writings in disentangling the logical principle above mentioned, from the scholastic question about the nature of mind, as contradistinguished from matter. It were indeed to be wished that he had perceived still more clearly and steadily the essential importance of keeping this distinction constantly in view; but he had at least the merit of illustrating, by his own example, in a far greater degree than any of his predecessors, the possibility of studying the mental phenomena, without reference to any facts but those which rest on the evidence of consciousness. The metaphysical question about the nature of mind he seems to have considered as a problem, the solution of which was an easy corollary from these facts, if distinctly apprehended; but still as a problem, whereof it is possible that different views might be taken by those who agreed in opinion, as far as facts alone were concerned. Of this a very remarkable example has since occurred in the case of Mr. Locke, who, although he has been at great pains to shew that the power of *reflection* bears the same relation to the study of the mental phenomena which the power of *observation* bears to the study of the material world, appears, nevertheless, to have been far less decided than Descartes with respect to the essential distinction between Mind and Matter; and has even gone so far as to hazard the unguarded proposition, that there is no absurdity in supposing the Deity to have superadded to the other qualities of matter the power of *thinking*. His scepticism, however, on this point did not prevent his good sense from perceiving, with the most complete conviction, the indispensable necessity of abstracting from the analogy of matter, in studying the laws of our intellectual frame.

Among the various articles of common belief which Descartes proposed to subject to a severe scrutiny, he enumerates, particularly, the conclusiveness of mathematical demonstration; the existence of God; the existence of the material world; and even the existence of his own

body. The only thing that appeared to him certain and incontrovertible, was his own existence; by which, he repeatedly reminds us, we are to understand merely the existence of his mind, abstracted from all consideration of the material organs connected with it. About every other proposition, he conceived, that doubts might reasonably be entertained; but to suppose the non-existence of that which thinks, at the very moment it is conscious of thinking, appeared to him a contradiction in terms. From this single postulatam, accordingly, he took his departure; resolved to admit nothing as a philosophical truth, which could not be deduced from it by a chain of logical reasoning.

Having first satisfied himself of his own existence, his next step was to inquire how far his perceptive and intellectual faculties were entitled to credit. For this purpose, he begins with offering a proof of the existence and attributes of God;—truths which he conceived to be necessarily involved in the idea he was able to form of a perfect, self-existent, and eternal being. His reasonings on this point it would be useless to state. It is sufficient to observe, that they led him to conclude that God cannot possibly be supposed to deceive his creatures; and, therefore, that the intimations of our senses, and the decisions of our reason, are to be trusted to with entire confidence, whenever they afford us clear and distinct ideas of their respective objects.

As Descartes conceived the existence of God (next to the existence of his own mind) to be the most indisputable of all truths, and rested his confidence in the conclusions of human reason entirely on his faith in the divine veracity, it is not surprising that he should have rejected the argument from *final causes*, as superfluous and unsatisfactory. To have availed himself of its assistance, would not only have betrayed a want of confidence in what he professed to regard as much more certain than any mathematical theorem; but would obviously have exposed him to the charge of first appealing to the divine attributes in proof of the authority of his faculties, and afterwards of appealing to these faculties in proof of the existence of God.

Among the principal articles of the Cartesian philosophy, which are now incorporated with our prevailing and most accredited doctrines, the following seem to me to be chiefly entitled to notice!

1. His luminous exposition of the common



common logical error of attempting to define words which express notions too simple to admit of analysis. Mr. Locke claims this improvement as entirely his own; but the merit of it unquestionably belongs to Descartes, although it must be owned that he has not always sufficiently attended to it in his own researches.

2. His observations on the different classes of our prejudices; particularly on the errors to which we are liable in consequence of a careless use of language as the instrument of thought. The greater part of these observations, if not the whole, had been previously hinted at by Bacon; but they are expressed by Descartes with greater precision and simplicity, and in a style better adapted to the taste of the present age.

3. The paramount and indisputable authority which, in all our reasonings concerning the human mind, he ascribes to the evidence of consciousness. Of this logical principle he has availed himself, with irresistible force, in refuting the scholastic sophisms against the liberty of human actions, drawn from the prescience of the Deity, and other considerations of a theological nature.

4. The most important, however, of all his improvements in metaphysics, is the distinction which he has so clearly and so strongly drawn between the *primary* and the *secondary* qualities of matter. This distinction was not unknown to some of the ancient schools of philosophy in Greece; but it was afterwards rejected by Aristotle, and by the schoolmen; and it was reserved for Descartes to place it in such a light as (with the exception of a very few sceptical or rather paradoxical theorists) to unite the opinions of all succeeding inquirers. For this step, so apparently easy, but so momentous in its consequences, Descartes was not indebted to any long or difficult processes of reasoning; but to those habits of accurate and patient attention to the operations of his own mind, which, from his early years, it was the great business of his life to cultivate. It may be proper to add, that the epithets *primary* and *secondary*, now universally employed to mark the distinction in question, were first introduced by Locke; a circumstance which may have contributed to throw into the shade the merits of those enquirers who had previously struck into the same path.

The hypothesis of Descartes, which assigns to the soul for its principal seat

the pineal gland or *conarion*, is known to every one who has perused the "*Alma*" of Prior. It is not, perhaps, equally known that the circumstance which determined him to fix on this particular spot, was the very plausible consideration that, among the different parts of the brain, this was the only one he could find, which, being single and central, was fitted for the habitation of a being, of which he conceived unity and indivisibility to be essential and obvious attributes. In what manner the *animal spirits*, by their motions forwards and backwards in the nervous tubes, keep up the communication between this gland and the different parts of the body, so as to produce the phenomena of perception, memory, imagination, and muscular motion, he has attempted particularly to explain; describing the processes by which these various effects are accomplished, with as decisive a tone of authority as if he had been demonstrating experimentally the circulation of the blood. How curious to meet with such speculations in the works of the same philosopher who had so clearly perceived the necessity, in studying the laws of Mind, of abstracting entirely from the analogies of Matter; and who, at the outset of his inquiries, had carried his scepticism so far as to require a proof even of the existence of his own body! To those, however, who reflect with attention on the method adopted by Descartes, this inconsistency will not appear so inexplicable as at first sight may be imagined; insomuch as the same scepticism which led him to suspend his faith in his intellectual faculties till he had once proved to his satisfaction, from the necessary veracity of God, that these faculties were to be regarded as the divine oracles, prepared him, in all the subsequent steps of his progress, to listen to the suggestions of his own fallible judgment with more than common credulity and confidence.

GASSENDI.

Among the opponents of Descartes, Gassendi was one of the earliest, and by far the most formidable. No two philosophers were ever more strongly contrasted, both in point of talents and of temper; the former as far superior to the latter in originality of genius—in powers of concentrated attention to the phenomena of the internal world—in classical taste—in moral sensibility, and in all the rarer gifts of the mind, as he fell short of him in erudition—in industry as a book-maker—in the justness of his logical views, so far as the phenomena of the



the material universe are concerned—and, in general, in those literary qualities and attainments, of which the greater bulk of mankind either are, or think themselves, best qualified to form an estimate. The reputation of Gassendi, accordingly, seems to have been at its height in his own lifetime; that of Descartes made but little progress till a considerable time after his death.

The partiality of Gassendi for the Epicurean physics, if not originally imbibed from Bacon, must have been powerfully encouraged by the favourable terms in which he always mentions the Atomic or Corpuscular theory. In its conformity to that luminous simplicity which everywhere characterizes the operations of nature, this theory certainly possesses a decided superiority over all the other conjectures of the ancient philosophers concerning the material universe; and it reflects no small honour on the sagacity both of Bacon and of Gassendi, to have perceived so clearly the strong analogical presumption which this conformity afforded in its favour, prior to the unexpected lustre thrown upon it by the researches of the Newtonian school. With all his admiration, however, of the Epicurean physics, Bacon nowhere shews the slightest leaning towards the metaphysical or ethical doctrines of the same sect; but, on the contrary, considered (and, I apprehend, rightly considered) the atomic theory as incomparably more hostile to atheism, than the hypothesis of four mutable elements, and of one immutable fifth essence. In this last opinion there is every reason to believe that Gassendi fully concurred, more especially as he was a zealous advocate for the investigation of final causes, even in inquiries strictly physical. At the same time, it cannot be denied that, on many questions, both of Metaphysics and of Ethics, this very learned theologian (one of the most orthodox, *professedly*, of whom the Catholic church has to boast), carried his veneration for the authority of Epicurus to a degree bordering on weakness and servility; and although, on such occasions, he is at the utmost pains to guard his readers against the dangerous conclusions commonly ascribed to his master, he has nevertheless retained more than enough of his system to give a plausible colour to a very general suspicion that he secretly adopted more of it than he chose to avow.

As Gassendi's attachment to the physical doctrines of Epicurus predisposed him to give an easier reception than he

might otherwise have done to his opinions in Metaphysics and in Ethics, so his unqualified contempt for the hypothesis of the Vortices seems to have created in his mind an undue prejudice against the speculations of Descartes on all other subjects. His objections to the argument by which Descartes has so triumphantly established the distinction between Mind and Matter, as separate and heterogeneous objects of human knowledge, must now appear, to every person capable of forming a judgment upon the question, altogether frivolous and puerile; amounting to nothing more than this, that all our knowledge is received by the channel of the external senses,—insomuch, that there is not a single object of the understanding which may not be ultimately analyzed into *sensible images*; and, of consequence, that when Descartes proposed to abstract from these images in studying the mind, he rejected the only materials out of which it is possible for our faculties to rear any superstructure. The sum of the whole matter is (to use his own language), that “there is no real distinction between *imagination* and *intellection*,” meaning, by the former of these words, the power which the mind possesses of representing to itself the material objects and qualities it has previously perceived. It is evident that this conclusion coincides exactly with the tenets inculcated in England at the same period by his friend Hobbes, as well as with those revived at a latter period by Diderot, Horne Tooke, and many other writers, both French and English, who, while they were only repeating the exploded dogmas of Epicurus, fancied they were pursuing, with miraculous success, the new path struck out by the genius of Locke.

#### MALEBRANCHE.

About twenty years after the death of Gassendi (who did not long survive Descartes), Malebranche entered upon his philosophical career. The earlier part of his life had, by the advice of some of his preceptors, been devoted to the study of ecclesiastical history and of the learned languages; for neither of which pursuits does he seem to have felt that marked predilection which afforded any promise of future eminence. At length, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he accidentally met with Descartes' “Treatise on Man,” which opened to him at once a new world, and awakened to him a consciousness of powers, till then unsuspected either by himself or by others.

Fontenelle



Fontenelle has given a lively picture of the enthusiastic ardour with which Malebranche first read this performance, and describes its effects on his nervous system as sometimes so great, that he was forced to lay aside the book till the palpitation of his heart had subsided.

It was only ten years after this occurrence when he published "*The Search after Truth*;" a work which, whatever judgment may now be passed on its philosophical merits, will always form an interesting study to readers of taste, and a useful one to students of human nature. Few books can be mentioned, combining, in so great a degree, the utmost depth and abstraction of thought, with the most pleasing sallies of imagination and eloquence; and none where they who delight in the observation of intellectual character may find more ample illustrations, both of the strength and weakness of the human understanding. It is a singular feature in the history of Malebranche, that, notwithstanding the poetical colouring which adds so much animation and grace to his style, he never could read, without disgust, a page of the finest verses; and that, although Imagination was manifestly the predominant ingredient in the composition of his own genius, the most elaborate passages in his works are those where he inveighs against this treacherous faculty, as the prolific parent of our most fatal delusions.

When Malebranche touches on questions not positively decided by the church, he exhibits a remarkable boldness and freedom of inquiry; setting at nought those human authorities which have so much weight with men of unenlightened erudition, and sturdily opposing his own reason to the most inveterate prejudices of his age. His disbelief in the reality of sorcery, which, although cautiously expressed, seems to have been complete, affords a decisive proof of the soundness of his judgment, where he conceived himself to have any latitude in exercising it.

Another feature in the intellectual character of Malebranche, presenting an unexpected contrast to his powers of abstract meditation, is the attentive and discriminating eye with which he appears to have surveyed the habits and manners of the comparatively little circle around him; and the delicate yet expressive touches with which he has marked and defined some of the nicest shades and varieties of genius. To this branch of the Philosophy of Mind, not certainly

the least important and interesting, he has contributed a greater number of original remarks than Locke himself, since whose time, with the single exception of Helvetius, hardly any attention has been paid to it, either by French or English metaphysicians. The same practical knowledge of the human understanding, modified and diversified, as we every where see it, by education and external circumstances, is occasionally discovered by his very able antagonist, Arnauld; affording, in both cases, a satisfactory proof that the narrowest field of experience may disclose to a superior mind those refined and comprehensive results, which common observers are forced to collect from an extensive and varied commerce with the world.

That we are completely ignorant of the manner in which physical causes and effects are connected, and that all our knowledge concerning them amounts merely to a perception of constant conjunction, had been before remarked by Hobbes, and more fully shown by Glanville in his "*Scepsis Scientifica*." Malebranche, however, has treated the same argument much more profoundly and ably than any of his predecessors, and has, indeed, anticipated Hume in some of the most ingenious reasonings contained in his *Essay on Necessary Connection*. From these data, it was not unnatural for his pious mind to conclude that what are commonly called second causes have no existence; and that the Divine power, incessantly and universally exerted, is, in truth, the connecting link of all the phenomena of nature. It is obvious that, in this conclusion, he went further than his premises warranted; for, although no necessary connections among physical events can be traced by our faculties, it does not therefore follow that such connections are impossible. The only sound inference was, that the laws of nature are to be discovered, not, as the ancients supposed, by *a priori* reasonings from causes to effects, but by experience and observation. It is but justice to Malebranche to own, that he was one of the first who placed in a just and strong light this fundamental principle of the inductive logic.

From the theory of occasional causes, it is easy to trace the process which led Malebranche to conclude, that we see all things in God. The same arguments which convinced him that the Deity carries into execution every volition of the mind, in the movements of the body, could



could not fail to suggest, as a farther consequence, that every perception of the mind is the immediate effect of the divine illumination. As to the manner in which this illumination is accomplished, the extraordinary hypothesis adopted by Malebranche was forced upon him by the opinion then universally held, that the immediate objects of our perceptions are not things external, but their ideas or images. The only possible expedient for reconciling these two articles of his creed, was to transfer the seat of our ideas from our own minds to that of the Creator.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

From the indissoluble union between the notions of colour and of extension, Dr. Berkeley has drawn a curious and, in my opinion, most illogical argument in favour of his scheme of idealism; which, as it may throw some additional light on the phenomena in question, I shall transcribe in his own words.

"Perhaps, upon a strict inquiry, we shall not find that even those who from their birth have grown up in a continued habit of seeing, are still irrevocably prejudiced on the other side, to wit, in thinking what they see to be at a distance from them. For, at this time, it seems agreed on all hands, that colours, which are the proper and immediate objects of sight, are not without the mind. But then, it will be said, by sight we have also the ideas of extension, and figure, and motion; all which may well be thought *without*, and at some distance from the mind, though colour should not. In answer to this, I appeal to any man's experience, whether the visible extension of any object doth not appear *as near* to him as the colour of that object; nay, whether they do not both seem to be in the same place. Is not the extension we see coloured; and is it possible for us, so much as in thought, to separate and abstract colour from extension? Now, where the extension is, there surely is the figure, and there the motion too. I speak of those which are perceived by sight."

Among the multitude of arguments advanced by Berkeley in support of his favourite theory, I do not recollect any that strikes me more with the appearance of a wilful sophism than the foregoing. It is difficult to conceive how so very acute a reasoner should not have perceived that his premises, in this instance, lead to a conclusion directly opposite to what he has drawn from them. Supposing all mankind to have an irre-

sistible conviction of the *outness* and distance of extension and figure, it is very easy to explain, from the association of ideas, and from our early habits of inattention to the phenomena of consciousness, how the sensations of colour should appear to the imagination to be transported out of the mind. But if, according to Berkeley's doctrines, the constitution of human nature leads men to believe that extension and figure, and every other quality of the material universe, exists only within themselves, whence the ideas of *external* and of *internal*; of *remote*, or of *near*? When Berkeley says, "I appeal to any man's experience, whether the visible extension of any object doth not appear *as near* to him as the colour of that object," how much more reasonable would it have been to have stated the indisputable fact, that the colour of the object appears *as remote* as its extension and figure? Nothing, in my opinion, can afford a more conclusive proof that the natural judgment of the mind is against the inference just quoted from Berkeley, than the problem of D'Alembert, which has given occasion to this discussion.

PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR'S *History of the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science, since the Revival of Letters in Europe.*

GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS.

Another great invention, the Geometrical Analysis, ascribed very generally to the Platonic school, but most successfully cultivated by Apollonius, is one of the most ingenious and beautiful contrivances in the mathematics. It is a method of discovering truth by reasoning concerning things unknown, or propositions merely supposed, as if the one were given, or the other were really true. A quantity that is unknown, is only to be found from the relations which it bears to quantities that are known. By reasoning on these relations, we come at last to some one so simple, that the thing sought is thereby determined. By this analytical process, therefore, the thing required is discovered, and we are at the same time put in possession of an instrument by which new truths may be found out, and which, when skill in using it has been acquired by practice, may be applied to an unlimited extent. A similar process enables us to discover the demonstrations of propositions, supposed to be true, or, if not true, to discover that they are false.

This method, to the consideration of which we shall again have an opportunity



of returning, was perhaps the most valuable part of the ancient mathematics, inasmuch as a method of discovering truth is more valuable than the truths it has already discovered. Unfortunately, however, the fragments containing this precious remnant had suffered more from the injuries of time than almost any other.

#### SIGNS PLUS AND MINUS.

The use of the signs *plus* and *minus* has given rise to some dispute. These signs were at first used the one to denote addition, the other subtraction, and for a long time were applied to no other purpose. But as, in the multiplication of a quantity, consisting of parts connected by those signs, into another quantity similarly composed, it was always found, and could be universally demonstrated, that, in uniting the particular products of which the total was made up, those of which both the factors had the sign *minus* before them, must be added into one sum with those of which all the factors had the sign *plus*; while those of which one of the factors had the sign *plus*, and the other the sign *minus*, must be subtracted from the same,—this general rule came to be more simply expressed by saying, that in multiplication like signs gave *plus*, and that unlike signs gave *minus*.

Hence the signs *plus* and *minus* were considered, not as merely denoting the relation of one quantity to another placed before it, but, by a kind of *fiction*, they were considered as denoting qualities inherent in the quantities to the names of which they were prefixed. This fiction was found extremely useful, and it was evident that no error could arise from it. It was necessary to have a rule for determining the sign belonging to a product, from the signs of the factors composing that product, independently of every other consideration; and this was precisely the purpose for which the above fiction was introduced. So necessary is this rule in the generalizations of algebra, that we meet with it in Diophantus, notwithstanding the imperfection of the language he employed; for he states, that  $\Delta\alpha\psi\iota\varsigma$  into  $\Delta\alpha\psi\iota\varsigma$  gives  $\Upsilon\pi\alpha\rho\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ , &c. The reduction, therefore, of the operations on quantity to an arithmetical form, necessarily involves this use of the signs *plus* or *minus*; that is, their application to denote something like absolute qualities in the objects they collect together. The attempts to free algebra from this use of the signs have of course failed, and must ever do so, if we would preserve to that science the extent and facility of its operations.

Even the most scrupulous purist in mathematical language must admit, that no real error is ever introduced by employing the signs in this most abstract sense. If the equation  $x^2+px+q+r=0$ , be said to have one positive and two negative roots, this is certainly as exceptionable an application of the term *negative*, as any that can be proposed; yet, in reality, it means nothing but this intelligible and simple truth, that  $x^2+px+q+r=(x-a)(x+b)(x+c)$ ; or that the former of these quantities is produced by the multiplication of the three binomial factors,  $x-a$ ,  $x+b$ ,  $x+c$ . We might say the same nearly as to imaginary roots; they show that the simple factors cannot be found, but that the quadratic factors may be found; and they also point out the means of discovering them.

#### IGNORANCE OF THE ANCIENTS.

Though the phenomena of the material world could not but early excite the curiosity of a being who, like man, receives his strongest impressions from without, yet an accurate knowledge of those phenomena, and their laws, was not to be speedily acquired. The mere extent and variety of the objects were, indeed, such obstacles to that acquisition, as could not be surmounted but in the course of many ages. Man could not at first perceive from what point he must begin his inquiries, in what direction he must carry them on, or by what rules he must be guided. He was like a traveller going forth to explore a vast and unknown wilderness, in which a multitude of great and interesting objects presented themselves on every side, while there was no path for him to follow, no rule to direct his survey, and where the art of observing, and the instruments of observation, must equally be the work of his own invention. In these circumstances, the selection of the objects to be studied was the effect of instinct rather than of reason, or of the passions and emotions, more than of the understanding. When things new and unlike those which occurred in the course of every day's experience presented themselves, they excited wonder or surprise, and created an anxiety to discover some principle which might connect them with the appearances commonly observed. About these last, men felt no desire to be farther informed; but, when the common order of things was violated, and something new or singular was produced, they began to examine into the fact, and attempted to inquire into the cause. Nobody sought to know why a stone fell to the ground, why smoke ascended, or why the stars revolved



revolved round the earth. But if a fiery meteor shot across the heavens,—if the flames of a volcano burst forth,—or if an earthquake shook the foundations of the world, terror and curiosity were both awakened; and, when the former emotion had subsided, the latter was sure to become active. Thus, to trace a resemblance between the events with which the observer was most familiar, and those to which he was less accustomed, and which had excited his wonder, was the first object of inquiry, and produced the first advances towards generalization and philosophy.

This principle, which it were easy to trace, from tribes the most rude and barbarous, to nations the most highly refined, was what yielded the first attempts toward classification and arrangement, and enabled man, out of individuals, subject to perpetual change, to form certain fixed and permanent objects of knowledge,—the species, genera, orders, and classes, into which he has distributed these individuals. By this effort of mental abstraction, he has created to himself a new and intellectual world, free from those changes and vicissitudes to which all material things are destined. This, too, is a work not peculiar to the philosopher, but, in a certain degree, is performed by every man who compares one thing with another, and who employs the terms of ordinary language.

Another great branch of knowledge is occupied, not about the mere arrangement and classification of objects, but about events or changes, the laws which those changes observe, and the causes by which they are produced. In a science, which treated of events and of change, the nature and properties of motion came of course to be studied, and the ancient philosophers naturally enough began their inquiries with the definition of motion, or the determination of that in which it consists. Aristotle's definition is highly characteristic of the vagueness and obscurity of his physical speculations. He calls motion "the act of a being in power, as far as in power,"—words to which it is impossible that any distinct idea can ever have been annexed.

When the laws of motion were unknown, the other parts of natural philosophy could make no great advances. Instead of conceiving that there resides in *body* a natural and universal tendency to persevere in the same state, whether of rest, or of motion, they believed that terrestrial bodies tended *naturally* either to fall to

the ground, or to ascend from it, till they attained their own place; but that, if they were impelled by an oblique force, then their motion became *unnatural* or *violent*, and tended continually to decay) With the heavenly bodies, again, the natural motion was circular and uniform, eternal in its course, but perpetually varying in its direction. Thus, by the distinction between natural and violent motion among the bodies of the earth, and the distinction between what we may call the laws of motion in terrestrial and celestial bodies, the ancients threw into all their reasonings upon this fundamental subject a confusion and perplexity, from which their philosophy never was delivered.

No information at all could be obtained in astronomy, without regular and assiduous observation, and without instruments capable of measuring angles, and of measuring time, either directly or indirectly. The steadiness and regularity of the celestial motions seemed to invite the most scrupulous attention. On the other hand, as terrestrial objects were always at hand, and spontaneously falling under men's view, it seemed unnecessary to take much trouble to become acquainted with them; and, as for applying measures, their irregularity appeared to render every idea of such proceeding nugatory. The Aristotelian philosophy particularly favoured this prejudice, by representing the earth, and all things on its surface, as full of irregularity and confusion, while the principles of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, were in a state of perpetual warfare. The unfortunate division of motion into natural and violent, and the distinction, still more unfortunate, between the properties of motion and of body, in the heavens and on the earth, prevented all intercourse between the astronomer and the naturalist, and all transference of the maxims of the one to the speculations of the other.

#### DOCTRINE OF GRAVITATION.

Plutarch considers the velocity of the moon's motion as the cause which prevents that body from falling to the earth, just as the motion of a stone in a sling prevents it from falling to the ground. The comparison is, in a certain degree, just, and clearly implies the notion of centrifugal force; and gravity may also be considered as pointed at for the cause which gives the moon a tendency to the earth. Here, therefore, a foundation was laid for the true philosophy of the celestial



celestial motions; but it was laid without effect. It was merely the conjecture of an ingenious mind, wandering through the regions of possibility, guided by no evidence, and having no principle which could give stability to its opinions. Democritus, and the authors of that physical system which Lucretius has so beautifully illustrated, were still more fortunate in some of their conjectures. They taught that the Milky Way is the light of a great number of small stars, very close to one another; a magnificent conception, which the latest improvements of the telescope have fully verified. Yet, as if to convince us that they derived this knowledge from no pure or certain source, the same philosophers maintained, that the sun and the moon are bodies no larger than they appear to us to be.

But, notwithstanding the above, and a few other splendid conceptions which shine through the obscurity of the ancient physics, the system, taken on the whole, was full of error and inconsistency. Truth and falsehood met almost on terms of equality; the former separated from its root, experience found no preference above the latter; to the latter, in fact, it was generally forced to give way, and the dominion of error was finally established.

LORD BACON.

Such were the speculations of Bacon, and the rules he laid down for the conduct of experimental inquiries, before any such inquiries had yet been instituted. The power and compass of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages. He is destined, if, indeed, any thing in the world be so destined, to remain an *instantia singularis* among men; and, as he has had no rival in the times which are past, so is he likely to have none in those which are to come. Before any parallel to him can be found, not only must a man of the same talents be produced, but he must be placed in the same circumstances; the memory of his predecessor must be effaced, and the light of science, after being entirely extinguished, must be again beginning to revive. If a second Bacon is ever to arise, he must be ignorant of the first.

COPERNICUS.

In the list of distinguished astronomers, the name of Copernicus is pre-

sented, and stands at the head of those men, who, bursting the fetters of prejudice and authority, have established truth on the basis of experience and observation. He was born at Thorn in Prussia, in 1473; he studied at the university of Cracow, being intended at first for a physician, though he afterwards entered into the church. A decided taste for astronomy led him early to the study of the science in which he was destined to make such an entire revolution; and, as soon as he found himself fixed and independent, he became a diligent and careful observer.

It would be in the highest degree interesting to know by what steps he was led to conceive the bold system which removes the earth from the centre of the world, and ascribes to it a twofold motion. It is probable that the complication of so many epicycles and deferents as were necessary, merely to express the laws of the planetary motions, had induced him to think of all the possible suppositions which could be employed for the same purpose, in order to discover which of them was the simplest.

It appears extraordinary, that so natural a thought should have occurred, at so late a period, for the first, or nearly for the first time. We are assured, by Copernicus himself, that one of the first considerations which offered itself to his mind, was the effect produced by the motion of a spectator, in transferring that motion to the objects observed, but ascribing to it an opposite direction. From this principle it immediately followed, that the rotation of the earth on an axis, from west to east, would produce the apparent motion of the heavens in the direction from east to west.

In considering some of the objections which might be made to the system of the earth's motion, Copernicus reasons with great soundness, though he is not aware of the full force of his own argument. Ptolemy had alleged, that, if the earth were to revolve on its axis, the violence of the motion would be sufficient to tear it in pieces, and to dissipate the parts. This argument, it is evident, proceeds on a confused notion of a centrifugal force, the effect of which the Egyptian astronomer overrated, as much as he undervalued the firmness and solidity of the earth. Why, says Copernicus, was he not more alarmed for the safety of the heavens, if the diurnal revolution be ascribed to them, as their motion must be more rapid, in proportion as their magnitude



itude is greater? The argument here suggested, now that we know how to measure centrifugal force, and to compare it with others, carries demonstrative evidence with it, because that force, if the diurnal revolution were really performed by the heavens, would be such, as the forces which hold together the frame of the material world would be wholly unable to resist.

There are, however, in the reasonings of Copernicus, some unsound parts, which show, that the power of his genius was not able to dispel all the clouds which in that age hung over the human mind, and that the unfounded distinctions of the Aristotelian physics sometimes afforded arguments equally fallacious to him and to his adversaries. One of his most remarkable physical mistakes was his misconception with respect to the parallelism of the earth's axis; to account for which, he thought it necessary to assume, in addition to the earth's rotation on an axis, and revolution round the sun, the existence of a third motion altogether distinct from either of the others. In this he was mistaken; the axis naturally retains its parallelism, and it would require the action of a force to make it do otherwise. This, as Kepler afterwards remarked, is a consequence of the inertia of matter; and, for that reason, he very justly accused Copernicus of not being fully acquainted with his own riches.

The first edition of the *Astronomia Instaurata*, the publication of which was solicited by Cardinal Schoenberg, and the book itself dedicated to the Pope, appeared in 1543, a few days before the death of the author. Throughout the whole book, the new doctrine was advanced with great caution, as if from a presentiment of the opposition and injustice which it was one day to experience. At first, however, the system attracted little notice, and was rejected by the greater part even of astronomers. It lay fermenting in secret with other new discoveries for more than fifty years, till, by the exertions of Galileo, it was kindled into so bright a flame as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded on experience and observation.

#### DESCARTES.

Descartes flourished in the 17th century, and has the merit of being the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the great and philosophic conception of re-

ducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law. The time was now arrived when, from the acknowledged assimilation of the planets to the earth, this might be undertaken with some reasonable prospect of success. No such attempt had hitherto been made, unless the crystalline spheres or homocentric orbs of the ancients are to be considered in that light. The conjectures of Kepler about a kind of animation, and of organic structure, which pervaded the planetary regions, were too vague and indefinite, and too little analogous to anything known on the earth, to be entitled to the name of a theory. To Descartes, therefore, belongs the honour of being the first who ventured on the solution of the most arduous problem which the material world offers to the consideration of philosophy. For this solution he sought no other data than *matter* and *motion*, and with them alone proposed to explain the structure and constitution of the universe. The matter which he required, too, was of the simplest kind, possessing no properties but extension, impenetrability, and inertia. It was matter in the abstract, without any of its peculiar or distinguishing characters. To explain these characters, was indeed a part of the task which he proposed to himself, and thus, by the simplicity of his assumptions, he added infinitely to the difficulty of the problem which he undertook to resolve.

The matter thus constituted was supposed to fill all space, and its parts, both great and small, to be endued with motion in an infinite variety of directions. From the combination of these, the rectilineal motion of the parts become impossible; the atoms or particles of matter were continually diverted from the lines in which they had begun to move; so that circular motion and centrifugal force originated from their action on one another. Thus matter came to be formed into a multitude of vortices, differing in extent, in velocity, and in density; the more subtile parts constituting the real vortex, in which the denser bodies float, and by which they are pressed, though not equally, on all sides.

Thus the universe consists of a multitude of vortices, which limit and circumscribe one another. The earth and the planets are bodies carried round in the great vortex of the solar system; and by the pressure of the subtile matter, which circulates with great rapidity, and great centrifugal force, the denser bodies, which have less rapidity, and less centrifugal force, are forced down toward the sun,



sun, the centre of the vortex. In like manner, each planet is itself the centre of a smaller vortex, by the subtle matter of which the phenomena of gravity are produced, just as with us at the surface of the earth.

The gradation of smaller vortices may be continued in the same manner, to explain the cohesion of the grosser bodies, and their other sensible qualities. But I forbear to enter into the detail of a system, which is now entirely exploded, and so inconsistent with the views of nature which have become familiar to every one, that such details can hardly be listened to with patience. Indeed, the theory of vortices did not explain a single phenomenon in a satisfactory manner, nor is there a truth of any kind which has been brought to light by means of it. None of the peculiar properties of the planetary orbits were taken into the account; none of the laws of Kepler were considered; nor was any explanation given of those laws, more than of any other that might be imagined. The philosophy of Descartes could explain all things equally well, and might have been accommodated to the systems of Ptolemy or Tycho, just as well as to that of Copernicus. It forms, therefore, no link in the chain of physical discovery; it served the cause of truth only by exploding errors more pernicious than its own; by exhausting a source of deception, which might have misled other adventurers in science, and by leaving a striking proof how little advancement can be made in philosophy, by pursuing any path but that of experiment and induction. Descartes was, nevertheless, a man of great genius, a deep thinker, of enlarged views, and entirely superior to prejudice. Yet, in as far as the explanation of astronomical phenomena is concerned (and it was his main object), he did good only by showing in what quarter the attempt could not be made with success; he was the forlorn hope of the new philosophy, and must be sacrificed for the benefit of those who were to follow.

Gassendi, the contemporary and countryman of Descartes, possessed great learning, with a very clear and sound understanding. He was a good observer, and an enlightened advocate of the Copernican system. He explained, in a very satisfactory manner, the connexion between the laws of motion and the motion of the earth, and made experiments to show that a body carried along by another acquires a motion which remains after it has ceased to be so carried.

## LETTERS

*Written on Board his Majesty's Ship the Northumberland,*

AND AT

SAINT HELENA;

IN WHICH THE

CONDUCT AND CONVERSATIONS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

AND HIS SUITE,

During the Voyage, and the first Months of his Residence in that Island, are faithfully described and related.

By WILLIAM WARDEN,

*Surgeon on board the Northumberland.*

Octavo, 10s. 6d.

[This volume serves to record many features in the character of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. The unprincipled agents of the War-Faction circulated so many misrepresentations on this subject, for the purpose of stirring up a crusade to enable their employers to gratify their malignant passions, that an author who ventures to approximate the truth must be considered as one gifted with pre-eminent courage and virtue. We have, however, to regret, in regard to this work, that it did not come without adulteration from the hands of the author. Many passages would, if true, be disgraceful to his urbanity and good manners; for, we presume, no man could, as this book represents, so far outrage decency as to state, with such slender qualification, all the vulgar prejudices which, it seems, he had imbibed from the infamous London papers. It should, however, be known that, as Mr. Warden did not consider himself qualified to write for the press, he confided his memoranda to Mr. COMBE, a gentleman of great ingenuity, whose well-known political prejudices, as well as the Adventures of Dr. Syntax, form prominent features of the work. Notwithstanding these deformities (for which the reader, when he knows their source, can readily allow), Mr. Warden's basis of facts will, in several respects, disabuse the public mind; and the work, therefore, merits extensive circulation.]

## ARRIVAL ON BOARD.

FROM eleven to twelve we were prepared to receive Napoleon on board; and Lord Keith, as it may be presumed, from a noble delicacy to his situation and feelings, declined receiving the usual compliments attendant on his rank,



rank, that they might, according to their settled form, devolve on the ex-emperor, whose sounding titles had passed away with the power that bestowed them. The rank of general is considered as adequate to all his claims on a government who never acknowledged him under any other. A captain's guard of marines was arranged on the poop to wait his arrival, with orders to present arms, and the drum to beat the roll thrice; the usual salute to a general officer in the British service.

The barge of the Tonnant reached the Northumberland in a few minutes after it left the Bellerophon.\* Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round, from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the barge contained Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, Marshal Bertrand (who had shared in all his imperial master's fortunes), and the Generals Montholon and Gourgon, who had been, and still continued to retain the titles of, his aides-de-camp. As the boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished, from his apparent resemblance to the various prints of him which are displayed in the windows of the shops. The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others as well as myself, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and, having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge; and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his lordship, high as he

is in naval character, admiral also of the Channel Fleet, to which we belonged, and arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, and with the decorations of his Order, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the groupe which was subject to him.

With a slow step Bonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the Northumberland, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness. He then addressed himself to Sir George Cockburn, and hastily asked for the *capitaine de vaisseau*, who was immediately introduced; but, finding that he did not speak French, he successively spoke to several others, till an officer of artillery replied to him in that language.

#### NAPOLÉON'S PERSON.

His dress was that of a general of French infantry, when it formed a part of his army. The coat was green faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe with gold oval buckles. He was decorated with a red ribbon and a star, with three medals suspended from a button-hole. One of them represented the Iron Crown, and the others different gradations of the Legion of Honour. His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness: what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

#### COUNT BERTRAND.

In a conversation which I had with Count Bertrand on the following day, he complained in very forcible terms of the needless cruelty of their allotment. That the emperor (for that title he continued to receive from his attendants) had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a full and consoling confidence that he should there find a place of refuge. He

asked,

\* I have been given to understand that Bonaparte's conduct on board the Bellerophon had been such as, rather to conciliate the good humour of all on board, so that his departure was not attended with any the slightest mark of disapprobation or disrespect; but with that kind of awful silence which accompanies the fatal close of a public execution.



asked, what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape. He reasoned for some time on the probability of success in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that he had not risked it. He then proceeded—

“Could not my royal master, think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the Loire? and can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible—nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the north, the south, and the east? Nor can it be denied that he might have placed himself in such a position, as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood, that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Bonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them; and wished for little more than the heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for such a man to ask?—surely not: nor could such a man imagine, in any moment of depression, if it were possible for such a spirit as his to be so depressed, that the boon would be refused him. It might rather have been a subject of pride to England, that the conqueror of almost all Europe but herself, sought, in his adverse fortune, to pass the remainder of a life, which forms so splendid an epocha in the history of our age, in any retired spot of her domains, which she might have allotted him.”

He acknowledged that Napoleon had consulted him as to the probable magnanimity of the English government, on the measure then in contemplation; but in this instance, he said, “I refused the opinion which he requested of me. It was not from any preconceived opinion to the prejudice of the English nation,—no, far from it,—that I hesitated for once to obey him. But I could not allow myself to become his counsellor in such a critical moment, and on a matter of so much importance to the comfort of his future life and the honour of his name. I was not afraid of any personal injury being offered to him; of that I

entertained not the shadow of an apprehension: but I thought it not impossible that his liberty might be endangered, as indeed it was, by the resolution of that hour. I was so agitated by my hopes and my fears in alternate succession, that I could only beg of him to accept my loyal and faithful assurance that I would wait upon his fortunes, whatever they might be; but it was for him alone to shape the way to them. Nor can I express,” he added, “how much I rejoice at my persevering resolution; for, had any opinion of mine been accessory, in the slightest degree, to the situation in which I now behold my emperor, I should never again enjoy a peaceful moment.” The terms in which he expressed his thoughts, and the tones which animated them, proved the state of his feelings.

Madame Bertrand's complaints were different in their character as well as language from those of the Count her husband: her air and manner were sometimes even accompanied with a gleam of distraction. “What can you think,” she once said to me, “of my situation? does it not appear to you to be most lamentable; and where are expressions to be found that can suit the description of it to the poignancy of my feelings? What a change for a woman who had held a high rank in the gayest and most splendid court in Europe; where her consequence was such, that thousands sought her smiles, and were proud to bask in them. The wife of Count Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace of the Emperor of France, is now destined, with her three children, to accompany an exiled husband to an insulated rock, where the pride of station, the pomp of life, and the song of pleasure, will be exchanged for a scene of captivity; and such, with all its promised attentions and indulgencies, it must appear to us, surrounded, as it is, by the barrier of a boundless ocean.”

The little Bertrands are interesting children: the youngest is between three and four years old; the eldest is a native of Trieste, and was born when his father was governor of the Illyrian Provinces; the second is a girl of an animated disposition, that betrays occasional symptoms of violence. The military character appears to have almost exclusively seized on the infant minds of these sprightly urchins: from morning till night they are employed in fencing, marching, charging on a half-canter, in imitation of cavalry, &c. &c. in which the girl joins with a true Amazonian spirit, under the direction



direction of a little French boy, who, I presume, was born in a camp.

In a conversation with Count Bertrand, which happened to glance on Waterloo, he could not hide his sensations. The little he said was in a plaintive tone, though expressed with candour, and accompanied with expressive shrugs of lamentation. "We fought that day," he said, "for the crown of France; but you gained the battle, and we are undone." I asked him whether he had read Marshal Ney's letter to the Duke of Otranto, in defence of his conduct on the bloody field. That publication, it appeared, he had not seen; and, when I informed him in what manner the marshal had censured his master's conduct, and that, in the public opinion, he was thought to have cleared himself from the imputation of erroneous conduct;—"Well, well," he replied, "had I been in the command of Marshal Ney's division, I might, perhaps, have done worse; but, as I was, I saw much to blame:" but, in comparing Bonaparte with Ney, he cast his eyes upwards to the heavens, and, suddenly lowering them to the earth, he exclaimed, with a very significant action, "Indeed, indeed, the difference is equally great."

#### NAPOLEON'S CONDUCT.

I renew my desultory occupation:—*la tache journaliere, telle que vous la voyez.*—On the first day of his arrival on board, our distinguished passenger displayed rather an eager appetite: I observed that he made a very hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the 53d regiment; when he personally required them to give the airs of "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in his language. I remarked that on these occasions he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude, which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Tuilleries, when giving audience to his marshals or officers of state. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff-box; and it struck me as a particular circumstance to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity,—that he never offered a pinch to any one with whom he was conversing.

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On the subsequent day he breakfasted at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee. —At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship than would be shewn to a private gentleman, nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives. He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who always appear before him uncovered, so that, if a line were drawn round them, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the palace of St. Cloud.

He played at cards in the evening: the game was whist, and he was a loser. It was not played in the same way as is practised at our card-tables in England; but I am not qualified to explain the varieties.

#### TALLEYRAND.

The name of Talleyrand happening to occur in the course of conversation with our French shipmates, the high opinion entertained of his talents by the Bonapartists was acknowledged without reserve. On my asking at what period he was separated from the counsels and confidence of Napoleon, it was replied—at the invasion of Spain. I then observed, that the reports in England respecting that circumstance were correct as to time, and I presumed were equally so as to the cause—his unreserved disapprobation of that bold and adventurous enterprise. This met with an instant contradiction; which was followed by a most decisive assertion, that the Prince of Benevento approved of the Spanish war, and founded his recommendation of that measure on his unalterable opinion, which he boldly communicated to the Emperor, that his life was not secure while a Bourbon reigned in Europe.

I entered further on this subject with Madame Bertrand, and she actually and most unequivocally asserted, that Talleyrand was in secret communication with Napoleon when they were last at Paris, and that he would have joined them in a month. His proposed departure from Vienna to take the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle, was, under the cloak of indisposition, to conceal his duplicity. "Can you persuade yourself, madame," I said, "that Talleyrand, if he had the inclination, possessed the power to influence



ence the court of Vienna in favour of the son-in-law?" "The court of Vienna!" she exclaimed, "O yes, yes: he has the capacity to influence all the courts of Europe!—If he had but joined the emperor, we should at this instant have been in Paris, and France would never more have changed its master."—Of this man's virtues I heard no eulogium: but you will now be a competent judge how his political talents were appreciated in the French circle on board the *Northumberland*.

#### INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Every one remembers the threatened invasion of England in 1805, and the various conjectures which were formed on this momentous subject. It was not, according to my recollection, by any means generally considered as practicable; nor did any very great apprehensions prevail that it would be attempted. I will, however, give you my authority for the actual intention of carrying it into execution. Bonaparte positively avers it. He says, that he had two hundred thousand men on the coast of France opposite to England; and that it was his determination to head them in person. The attempt he acknowledged to be very hazardous, and the issue equally doubtful. His mind, however, was bent on the enterprize, and every possible arrangement was made to give effect to its operations. It was hinted to him, however, that his flotilla was altogether insufficient, and that such a ship as the *Northumberland* would run down fifty of them. This he readily admitted: but he stated that his plan was to rid the Channel of English men-of-war; and for that purpose he had directed Admiral Villeneuve, with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to sail apparently for Martinique, for the express purpose of distracting our naval force, by drawing after him a large portion of, if not all, our best ships. Other squadrons of observation would follow; and England might, by these manœuvres, be left sufficiently defenceless for his purpose. Admiral Villeneuve was directed, on gaining a certain latitude, to take a baffling course back to Europe, and, having eluded the vigilance of Nelson, to enter the English Channel. The flotilla would then have sallied forth from Ostend, Dunkirk, Boulogne, and the adjoining ports. The intention was to have dashed at the capital by the way of Chatham. He well knew, he added, that he should have had to encounter many difficulties: the object, however, was so great as to

justify him in making the attempt. But Villeneuve was met on his return by Sir Robert Calder; and, having suffered a defeat, took refuge in Ferrol. From that harbour he was peremptorily ordered to sea, according to his original instructions; but, contrary to their most imperative and explicit intent, he steered his course for Cadiz. "He might as well," exclaimed Napoleon, raising his voice, and increasing his impetuosity, "he might as well have gone to the East-Indies!"—Two days after Villeneuve had quitted his anchorage before Cadiz, a naval officer arrived there to supersede him. The glorious victory of Trafalgar soon followed, and the French admiral died a few days after his arrival in France: report says—by his own hand.

#### HIS MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Our great man seldom suffered a day to pass without making particular enquiries respecting the health of the crew; and the nature of such diseases as then prevailed among them, with the particular mode of treatment. The complaints then prevalent on board the *Northumberland* required a free use of the lancet. We had a young, healthy, florid crew on our quitting England, with constitutions liable to be influenced with increase of temperature. He seemed to entertain a very strong prejudice against bleeding, which he called the *Sangrado* practice; nor did he fail to treat our first conversations on the subject with a degree of humour and pleasantry, which proved that the great events of his life had not driven from his recollection the solemn satire of *Le Sage*. He urged the propriety of sparing the precious fluid, under an apprehension of its deficiency, when, as he conceived, the food on board a ship was not sufficiently nutritious to restore it. A Frenchman, he exclaimed, would never submit to the discipline of the Spanish doctor. And, on my observing that the French did not eat quite so much beef as Englishmen; he peremptorily denied the fact:—"to the full as much," he said, "but they cook it differently."—He was, however, open to conviction; and when he had been made to understand the general health of our fleet, and had witnessed the good effects of the practice which he had so forcibly reprobated and ridiculed, he no longer argued against it; but always mentioned it with some facetious observation. On meeting me, he would apply his fingers to the bend of the opposite arm, and ask—"Well, how many have you bled to-day?" Nor did he fail to exclaim, when



when any of his own people were indisposed.—“O bleed him, bleed him! To the powerful lancet with him: that’s the infallible remedy.”—He had, however, seen the good effects on Madame Bertrand. That lady was attacked with an inflammatory fever, when she submitted to lose two pounds of blood, as well as to abstain from wine and all animal food: but the Sangrado system effected her cure, and confirmed the proselytism of her emperor to the practice.

Of his own state of health he has good reason to boast: and when it is considered to how many various climates he has exposed himself, and what a succession of toil he has undergone during the last twenty-five years, the state of health he has enjoyed, and still enjoys, is altogether astonishing.—He declares that he has been but twice, throughout his life, in such a state as to demand medical aid. He took a dose of physic for the first complaint; and the second, being a pulmonic affection, required a blister. Mr. O’Meara, his own surgeon, speaks with admiration of his temperament, and says, that his pulse never exceeds sixty-two. His own spontaneous account of himself is, that he is very passionate; but that the violence of his disposition soon subsides, not only into tranquillity, but into coldness and indifference.—I have never heard that, in speaking of his constitution and uncommon state of health, he ever hinted at the advances of age, or calculated the probabilities of his enjoying length of life.

—I must beg leave to return to the subject of blood-letting, as a conversation took place which had escaped me, and is an additional proof of his curiosity or anxiety, or perhaps both of them, respecting it.—He called me to him on the quarter-deck, and asked the following professional questions:—“Can a person, labouring under a tropical disease, requiring what you call the free use of the lancet, promise himself an equal share of health, eighteen months after, as he had before the system of depletion?”—“How long are the vessels filling after being partially emptied of blood; and what quantity can the human body lose without producing death?”—After reasoning for some time on the subject of these questions, I surprized him with the account of a very extraordinary case then subject to my treatment.—A seaman was put on the sick list; the disease, an inflammation of the stomach. On the second day the pulse beat 150 in the minute, and not an article of food or of

medicine was retained by the stomach for two minutes. In the course of three days the patient lost fifteen pounds of blood; when the pulse, though still full, was reduced to 87 beats. Nothing solid remained on his stomach for three months, nevertheless the man recovered. This you will say was a case in point; and enough to make any one a convert to the application of the lancet. He described to me a pulmonic complaint with which he was affected on his return from Egypt; and asked me what treatment I should have adopted in his case. “Would you have done as Corvisart did? he blistered me twice.” I replied that, most probably, I should have bled previous to the application of a blister, as, in the commencement of pectoral affections, they are generally attended with inflammation. The conversation afforded me, as I thought, rather a fair opportunity of asking him, if his sleep was generally sound; I felt at the time, that it was an adventurous question; nor would it have surprized me, if he had turned away without giving me an answer; but, with a look more expressive of sorrow than displeasure, he replied, “No:—from my cradle, I have been an indifferent sleeper.”

DUROC AND LASNES.

Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce Madame Bertrand to persuade you that he is not without a capacity for friendship.—She related, in a very impressive manner to us, the last interview with Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and his afflicted sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master’s regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground; when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands, on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours.—A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the Emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him



him might be attended with infection. —She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated, as a fact, that he lay, for it is not to be supposed that he slept, a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

She also mentioned that he possessed an equal attachment to Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, who was killed at the battle of Esling, when a similar scene of affliction and regard took place.—That brave officer had been obliged to submit to the amputation of one leg just below the knee, and the other just above the ankle. Bonaparte and Bertrand visited him in this unhappy condition, on the left bank of the Danube. Bertrand was endeavouring to console him by comparing his situation to that of the brave Caffarelli, when he, with a certain eagerness of expression, thus interrupted him.—“The attachment of Caffarelli to the Emperor was cold, when compared with the affection which I feel.”

#### ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin for a full hour after the ship had anchored in the bay; however, when the deck became clear, he made his appearance, and ascended the poop ladder, from which he could examine every gun that bristles at the mouth of James Valley; in the center of which the town of that name, and the only one in the island, is situate.—While he stood there I watched his countenance with the most observant attention, and it betrayed no particular sensation: he looked as any other man would look at a place which he beheld for the first time.—I shall also take this opportunity to mention that, during the whole voyage, from the moment the Bellerophon set sail from England to its arrival at St. Helena, I never saw any change in the placid countenance and unassuming manners of our distinguished shipmate; nor did I hear of a discontented look, or a peevish expression, being remarked by any other person in the ship. The ladies, indeed, discovered some distress on the first view of their rocky cage; but their general conduct, on the occasion, displayed a degree of self-possession which was not expected of them.

The first object of the admiral was to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of Napoleon and his suite; and the Lieutenant-Governor's house was appropriated for that purpose, till a proper place could be prepared for his fixed residence. It was not, therefore, till the 17th, that they disembarked.—After sun-set, on that day, when the

inhabitants of the town, wearied out in waiting for the spectacle of Bonaparte's landing, had retired to their homes, that he, according to the wish he had expressed, passed unobserved to the house where he was to pass the first night as an inhabitant of St. Helena.

#### VISIT TO NAPOLEON.

It was not till some time in November, that I paid a second visit to the Briars, whither an invitation to dine with Mr. Balcombe had called me. As I reached the spot some time before the dinner-hour, I proposed to amuse myself in examining the cultivated spots, attached to the domain. I accidentally took the path which leads to the gardens, and at the gate where it terminates there is a narrow goats' passage leading directly into it, whose sides are lined with prickly pear bush. At the angle formed by the two paths, I met Napoleon clattering down from among the rocks in his heavy military boots. He accosted me with an apparent mixture of satisfaction and surprise; and reproached me in terms of great civility for my long absence. There was a rough deal board placed as a seat between two stones, on which, after having brushed away the dust with his hand, he sat himself down, and desired me to take my place by him.—Las Cases soon joined us, for, in scrambling through these rocky paths, his master, badly as he walks, had got the start of him. On all sides of the spot where we were seated, rocks were piled on rocks to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while there was an abyss of equal depth at our feet. Nature seems in a sportive mood to have afforded this level space for a semi-aërial dwelling, and, while I was gazing with some astonishment on the barren wonders of the scene around me——“Well,” said Napoleon with a smile, “what say you to it?—and can you think that your countrymen have treated me kindly?”—I had but one answer to such a question; and that was, by not giving any answer at all.—His conversation then turned upon the state and character of the island, of which, he observed, all the books he read respecting it, during the voyage, had given a very partial representation, unless there were parts of a more pleasing aspect than any he had seen in his rides to Longwood, which comprehended the utmost extent of his observation. His conversation was, on this occasion, as on all others when I have been with him—easy, good-humoured and familiar, without the least taint of his former greatness: and, when



ever the topic would admit of it, he never failed to give an air of cheerfulness to his remarks. On my mentioning the activity of the admiral in superintending the repairs at Longwood, and that it would probably be ready to receive him in the course of a month;—he replied, Your admiral knows, I doubt not, to a moment, in what time a ship may be got ready, but, as an architect, I think his calculations will fail.—I maintained, however, that, whether it was upon land or sea, Sir George Cockburn was of a character that would ensure success in whatever he might be called upon to undertake.—I added, that the officers were actually employed in accompanying the seamen to Longwood, with the materials necessary for its completion. He then enquired after those gentlemen whose names he endeavoured to recollect; and expressed a wish to see them as they passed: “if,” said he, “they will be contented to visit me as you now do, in the fields; as my present habitation, which serves me for breakfast, dinner and bed-room, is not precisely calculated to receive company.”

ANOTHER VISIT.

In a few days after, the arrival of a ship from England induced me to take a ride to the valley; and, on my return in the evening, I was informed, that Napoleon desired to see me in General Gourgond's apartment as soon as I returned; and there I found him waiting for me. On my entrance, the first question related to the progress of the general's disorder: when he suddenly changed the subject—“You have been at the town, and is the ship just arrived from England—if so, I suppose she brings letters and news-papers.—Certainly; and I have looked over a file of the Courier.—Is there no Morning Chronicle?—I have not yet seen it. The other papers which I just had a glimpse of, were the Times, and a provincial paper.—What is the news from France?—I did but slightly glance over the French news.—Be that as it may, you remember, I suppose, something of what you read; so let me hear it.—I saw some articles respecting you; but the principal part of of the French news which I had the opportunity of examining, related to the trial and sentence of Marshal Ney.

Napoleon now advanced a step nearer to me, but without the least change of countenance:—“What,” said he, “Marshal Ney has been sentenced to be shot!”—I replied, “it was even so: he addressed the ministers of the allied sove-

reigns, but in vain: he urged in his defence the twelfth article of the Convention: he pleaded on his trial that he was deceived by you: that the proclamation of which he was accused, and made a part of the charges against him, was written by Major General Bertrand; and that he was deceived by your report of Austria and England.”—Count Bertrand, who was in the room, quietly observed, that Marshal Ney had a right to save himself if he could; and, if fabricated stories would answer his purpose, he could not be blamed for employing them. But he added, “respecting the proclamation, it was an assertion equally false and ridiculous: Marshal Ney could write himself, and wanted not my assistance.” Napoleon made no comments on the account which had been given him.—One solitary expression, indeed, broke from him, and that was, “Marshal Ney was a brave man.”

I mentioned a report, as stated in one of the London papers, that an apprehension was entertained of an insurrection in Paris, on the event of Marshal Ney's sentence being carried into execution.—“An insurrection,” said Napoleon, with a kind of contemptuous calmness, “pugh! get the troops under arms! Has the Duke of Wellington left Paris?—I really do not know.—Are the English and allied forces still in the vicinity of the capital?—The English, I believe, are still in its neighbourhood; but it appears from the papers, that the Russians and Prussians have retired upon the Rhine. That disposition of them, he replied, is altogether the most proper.—But how is it, (he continued) that, among the papers which are sent for my perusal, I so seldom see the Morning Chronicle. That was a question which I did not pretend to answer. I thought proper, however, to inform him, with some little curiosity to see how he would receive the intelligence, trifling as it may appear, that, according to the papers, a Parisian had been sentenced to pay a fine for publishing a caricature in which he was represented. He permitted me to describe it, which I did in the language of the paragraph.—“On one side of the print appeared the figure of Louis XVIII. surrounded by his family, with the inscription, ‘This is well;’ and on the other side, that of Napoleon attended by his family, with the motto, ‘This is better.’—Pugh!” said he, “what nonsense! but such trash will be propagated, from some idle motive or other:” and with this observation he retired to his apartment.



## THIRD VISIT.

I do not recollect whether, in any of my former letters, I mentioned, from the authority of Las Cases, who is the amanuensis of the historian, that Bonaparte was seriously and laboriously engaged in writing the annals of his life. I had already been informed by the same person, that the campaigns of Egypt and Italy, and what he styles my reign of an hundred days, or some such title, were completed; and that the intermediate periods were in a progressive state. I therefore was looking forward to a very curious morning, and hugging myself on the approaching view of such manuscripts as were to be unfolded to me: but this expectation was disappointed by a message from Napoleon to attend him in his room. As I knew that my visit would not be one of mere ceremony, I prevailed upon my companion to accompany me, as his interpretations are always given with such aptitude and perspicuity, and, besides, afford me time to arrange my answers. There was some little finesse employed in making this arrangement, as the forms of the court at Longwood are most respectfully observed by the attendants on it.

On entering the room I observed the back of a sofa turned towards me; and, on advancing, I saw Napoleon lying at full length on it, with his left arm hanging over the upper part. The glare of light was excluded by a Venetian blind, and before him there was a table covered with books. I could distinguish among them some fine bound volumes on the French Revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of coat and waistcoat.—The moment his eye met mine, he started up, and exclaimed, in English, in a tone of good-humoured vivacity, "Ah, Warden, how do you do?" I bowed in return; when he stretched out his hand, saying, "I have got a fever." I immediately applied my hand to the wrist, and observing, both from the regularity of the pulsation and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was exercising a little of his pleasantry, I expressed my wish that his health might always remain the same. He then gave me a familiar tap on the cheek, with the back of his hand; and desired me to go into the middle of the room, as he had something to say to me. I now congratulated him on the preservation of his health, and complimented him, at the same time, on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. "I certainly enjoy (he said) a very good

state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My appetite is such that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day: but I am regular in my meals; and always leave off eating with an appetite: besides, I never, as you know, drink strong wines.—With respect to the English language, (he continued) I have been very diligent; I now read your news-papers with ease; and must own, that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive.—In one paper I am called a *Lear*, in another a *Tyrant*, in a third a *Monster*, and, in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a *Coward*; but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune: it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies.—No such thing; I wanted courage it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me; I have, at least, too much courage for that.—Your papers are influenced by party principles: what one praises, the other will abuse; and so vice versa. They who live in the metropolis where they are published, can judge of passing events and transactions for themselves; but persons living at a distance from the capital, and particularly foreigners, must be at a loss to determine upon the real state of things, and the characters of public men, from the perusal of your Journals."

"This calling of names, and these scolding epithets, only serve to amuse me; but there are observations in your papers, which produce far different sensations. You have," he continued, "a writer whom I greatly admire; I believe he is of your country, a Scotchman—Macpherson, the author of *Ossian*. There is also a person of the name of Belsham: on what subjects has he written?"—I replied, that I believed he had written an account of the reign of our excellent sovereign.—"Yes," he said, "your laws permit you to write of kings, of ministers, of measures, and of one another."—"Yes," I replied, "such is the privilege of Englishmen; and, possessing the infirmities of human nature, they may sometimes abuse it. Misconception, party spirit, and perhaps factious minds may, at times, tend to pro-  
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pagate and support erroneous, and even violent, opinions; but the love of justice and of truth forms the genuine character of an Englishman."—"Nevertheless," he observed, "you appear to handle my character rather roughly: and more so, since I have been in your power." My candid sentiments and unreserved language appeared, however, to meet my auditor's approbation; and he asked me, to my great surprize, if I remembered the history of Captain Wright.—I answered, "Perfectly well; and it is a prevailing opinion in England, that you ordered him to be murdered in the Temple."—With the utmost rapidity of speech, he replied, "for what object? Of all men he was the person whom I should have most desired to live. Whence could I have procured so valuable an evidence as he would have proved on the trial of the conspirators in and about Paris. The heads of it he himself had landed on the French coast." My curiosity was at this moment such as to be betrayed in my looks.—"Listen," continued Napoleon, "and you shall hear. The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies on the west coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and, so mysterious were their proceedings, so veiled in impenetrable concealment, that although General Ryal, of the Police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and, though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the prefect of the department of Morbeau, at Vannes: General Julian, then prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was instantly transmitted to Paris; and instructions were expeditiously returned to interrogate the crew, separately, and transfer their testimonies to the minister of police. The purport of their examination was at first very unsatisfactory; but, at length, on the examination of one of the crew, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he particularly remembered one, a very merry fellow, who was called Pichegru. Thus a clue was found that

led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution.—Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and confined in the Temple; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object."—He again and again most solemnly asserted, that Captain Wright died, in the Temple, by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed.—At the same time, he stated, that his assertion was founded on documents which he had since examined. The cause of this enquiry arose from the visit, I think he said, of Lord Ebrington to Elba, and he added, "that nobleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the account which was given him of this mysterious business."

And now, to my utter astonishment, he entered upon the event of the *Duke D'Enghien's death*. This was a topic that could not be expected; and particularly by me, as there appeared even among his followers, who were always on tip-toe to be his apologists, an evasive silence or contradictory statements, whenever this afflicting event became the subject of enquiry, which had occasionally happened, during the course of our voyage. Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa, where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this representation of it.—He began as follows.

"At this eventful period of my life, I had succeeded in restoring order and tranquillity to a kingdom torn asunder by faction, and deluged in blood. That nation had placed me at their head. I came not as your Cromwell did, or your Third Richard. No such thing.—I found a crown in the kennel; I cleansed it from its filth, and placed it on my head. My safety now became necessary, to preserve that tranquillity so recently restored; and, hitherto, so satisfactorily preserved, as the leading characters of the nation



nation well know. At the same time, reports were every night brought me" (I think he said, by General Ryal,) "that conspiracies were in agitation; that meetings were held in particular houses in Paris, and names even were mentioned; at the same time, no satisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the utmost vigilance and ceaseless pursuit of the Police was evaded. General Moreau, indeed, became suspected, and I was seriously importuned to issue an order for his arrest; but his character was such, his name stood so high, and the estimation of him so great in the public mind, that, as it appeared to me he had nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by becoming a conspirator against me; I, therefore, could not but exonerate him from such a suspicion.—I accordingly refused an order for the proposed arrest, by the following intimation to the Minister of Police:—You have named Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau: convince me that the former is in Paris, and I will immediately cause the latter to be arrested.—Another and a very singular circumstance led to the developement of the plot. One night, as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose from my bed, and examined the list of suspected traitors; and Chance, which rules the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it were, on the name of a surgeon, who had lately returned from an English prison. This man's age, education, and experience in life, induced me to believe, that his conduct must be attributed to any other motive than that of youthful fanaticism in favour of a Bourbon: as far as circumstances qualified me to judge, money appeared to be his object.—I accordingly gave orders for this man to be arrested; when a summary mock trial was instituted, by which he was found guilty, sentenced to die, and informed he had but six hours to live. This stratagem had the desired effect: he was terrified into confession. It was now known that Pichegru had a brother, a monastic priest, then residing in Paris. I ordered a party of gens d'armes to visit this man; and, if he had quitted his house, I conceived there would be good ground for suspicion. The old monk was secured, and, in the act of his arrest, his fears betrayed what I most wanted to know.—'Is it,' he exclaimed, 'because I afforded shelter to a brother that I am thus treated.'—The object of the plot was to destroy me; and the success of it would, of course, have been my destruction. It emanated from the capital of your country, with the Count d'Artois at

the head of it. To the West he sent the Duke de Berri, and to the East the Duke D'Enghein. To France your vessels conveyed underlings of the plot, and Moreau became a convert to the cause. The moment was big with evil: I felt myself on a tottering eminence, and I resolved to hurl the thunder back upon the Bourbons even in the metropolis of the British empire. My Minister vehemently urged the seizure of the Duke, though in a neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and Prince Benevento brought the order twice, and urged the measure with all his powers of persuasion. It was not, however, till I was fully convinced of its necessity, that I sanctioned it by my signature. The matter could be easily arranged between me and the Duke of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a man, residing on the very confines of my kingdom, to commit a crime which, within the distance of a mile, by the ordinary course of law, Justice herself would condemn to the scaffold. And now answer me;—Did I do more than adopt the principle of your government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country? It had been urged to me again and again, as a sound political opinion, that the new dynasty could not be secure, while the Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never deviated from this principle: it was a fixed, unchangeable article in his political creed.—But I did not become a ready or a willing convert. I examined the opinion with care and with caution: and the result was a perfect conviction of its necessity.—The Duke D'Enghein was accessory to the Confederacy; and, although the resident of a neutral territory, the urgency of the case, in which my safety and the public tranquillity, to use no stronger expression, were involved, justified the proceeding. I accordingly ordered him to be seized and tried: he was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.—The sentence was immediately executed; and the same fate would have followed had it been *Louis the Eighteenth*. For I again declare that I found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England, as from thence, with the *Count d'Artois* at their head, did the assassins assail me.

"Your country also accuses me of the death of *Pichegru*."—I replied, "It is most certainly and universally believed throughout the whole British empire, that he was strangled in prison by your orders." He rapidly answered, "What



idle, disingenuous folly! a fine proof, how prejudice can destroy the boasted reasoning faculties of Englishmen! Why, I ask you, should that life be taken away in secret which the laws consigned to the hands of a public executioner? The matter would have been different with respect to Moreau. Had he died in a dungeon, there might have been grounds to justify the suspicion that he had not been guilty of suicide. He was a very popular character, as well as much beloved by the army; and I should never have lost the odium, however guiltless I might have been, if the justice of his death, supposing his life to have been forfeited by the laws, had not been made apparent by the most public execution.

"I was justified in my own mind; and I repeat the declaration which I have already made, that I would have ordered the execution of Louis the Eighteenth. At the same time, I solemnly affirm, that no message or letter from the Duke reached me after sentence of death had been passed upon him."

—Napoleon continued to speak of the Bourbon family—"Had I," he said, "been anxious to get any, or all the Bourbons into my possession, I could have accomplished the object. Your smugglers offered me a Bourbon for a stated sum (I think he named 40,000 francs); but, on coming to a more precise explanation, they entertained a doubt of fulfilling the engagement as it was originally proposed. They would not undertake to possess themselves of any of the Bourbon family absolutely alive: though, with the alternative, *alive or dead*, they had no doubt of completing it.—But it was not my wish merely to deprive them of life. Besides, circumstances had taken a turn which then fixed me without fear of change or chance on the throne I possessed.—I felt my security, and left the Bourbons undisturbed.—Wanton, useless murder, whatever has been said and thought of me in England, has never been my practice: to what end or purpose could I have indulged the horrible propensity.—When Sir George Rumbold and Mr. Drake, who had been carrying on a correspondence with conspirators in Paris, were seized, they were not murdered."

"Your country," he said, "has accused me of having murdered the sick and wounded of my army at Jaffa. Be assured that, if I had committed such a horrid act, my very soldiers themselves would have execrated me; and I might have looked to their ceasing to obey me."

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There is no occurrence of life to which I gave more publicity than this. You have an officer, a Sir Robert Wilson, who has written very copiously on the subject of my campaign in Egypt." As he repeated the last sentence, he assumed an air and tone of sarcastic jocularly; and then asked me, if I had read Sir Robert's Publication. I replied in the affirmative:—"It is possible," he said, "that he wrote from the testimony of other people equally prone to error as himself: he cannot pretend to have done it from his own observation.—Can you tell me," continued Napoleon, "whether Sir Sydney Smith, in any official communications to your government, attempted, in any way, to corroborate the testimony of Sir Robert Wilson?" I could not, at the moment, sufficiently recollect the purport of his dispatches to determine the point, but I replied, as I felt, "That he had not." This reply, however, indecisive as it was, appeared to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he instantly repeated—"I believe so: for Sir Sydney Smith is a brave and just man."—I here observed that "There are many in England who imagine your jealousy and hatred of Sir Sydney Smith influenced your conduct towards Captain Wright."—He smiled with astonishment at such an idea—the thought of coupling the two names appeared never to have entered his imagination. "Ridiculous nonsense!" was his reply. He then entered on the following narrative.

"On raising the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time was totally impracticable, from the force that Jezza Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous; and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages the most convenient that could be formed, were appropriated to the purpose. Some of them were sent by water to Damietta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march through the Desert. Seven men, however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infested with the plague; whose report was made me by the chief of the medical staff; (I think it was Desgenette). He further added, that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their continuing alive beyond forty-eight hours."—I here exclaimed in a dubious tone, the word—*seven!* and immediately



immediately asked whether I was to understand that there were no more than seven.—“I perceive,” he replied, “that you have heard a different account.”—“Most assuredly, General, Sir Robert Wilson states fifty-seven or seventy-seven; and, speaking more collectively—your whole sick and wounded.”—He then proceeded.—“The Turks were numerous and powerful, and their cruelty proverbial throughout the army. Their practice of mutilating and barbarously treating their Christian prisoners in particular, was well known among my troops, and had a preservative influence on my mind and conduct; and I do affirm, that there were only seven sufferers whom circumstances compelled me to leave as short-lived sufferers at Jaffa. They were in that stage of the disease which rendered their removal utterly impracticable, exclusive of the dissemination of the disease among the healthy troops. Situated as I was, I could not place them under the protection of the English: I, therefore, desired to see the senior medical officer; and, observing to him, that the afflictions of their disease would be cruelly aggravated by the conduct of the Turks towards them, and that it was impossible to continue in possession of the town, I desired him to give me his best advice on the occasion. I said, Tell me what is to be done! He hesitated for some time, and then repeated, that these men, who were the objects of my very painful solicitude, could not survive forty-eight hours.—I then suggested, (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not chuse to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me,) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity, to shorten the sufferings of these seven men by administering opium. Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation, I should anxiously solicit for myself. But, rather contrary to my expectation, the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned. I accordingly halted the army one day longer than I intended; and, on my quitting Jaffa, left a strong rear-guard, who continued in that city till the third day. At the expiration of that period, an officer's report reached me, that the men were dead.”—“Then, General,” I could not resist exclaiming, “no opium was given.” The emphatic answer I received was—“No; none!—A report was brought me that the men died before the rear-guard had evacuated the city.”

I again interrupted him by mentioning

that Sir Sydney Smith, when he afterwards entered Jaffa, found one or two Frenchmen alive.—“Well,” he answered, “that, after all, may be possible!”—It was, I think, at this period of the conversation, that he stated his being in possession of a letter from Sir Sydney Smith, written in very complimentary language, which expressed the writer's astonishment as well as praise, on the accommodations which were contrived and executed to transport the French sick and wounded from Acre to Jaffa, and thence across the Desert.

I here took occasion to observe, “that a late English traveller, a distinguished scholar and learned professor of the University of Cambridge, had excited a very general doubt respecting the accuracy of this particular part of Sir Robert Wilson's narrative. Doctor Clark, the person to whom I alluded, had,” I said, “travelled through Turkey, and, as I believed, by the route of Aleppo and Damascus to Jerusalem, and from thence to Jaffa, where he remained some time. This gentleman, whose character stands high in the world, may be said to contradict the testimony of his countryman Sir Robert, respecting the charge which the former may be said to have brought forward against you. Though he merely states that he never heard of the cruel transaction; yet very naturally observes, that, if such an extraordinary event had occurred as the murder of such a number of Frenchmen by their own general, some traces or recollection of so horrid an event, and of such recent occurrence, must have transpired and been communicated to him during his residence there.” A question instantaneously followed.—“Has this traveller said any thing of El Arish?”—My memory did not serve me sufficiently to give an answer. “Well,” he continued, “you shall also hear the particulars of El Arish and the garrison of Jaffa. You have read, without doubt, of my having ordered the Turks to be shot at Jaffa.” “Yes, indeed,” I replied, “I have often heard of that massacre in England: it was a general topic at the time, and treated as a British mind never fails to consider subjects of that description.”—He then proceeded:—“At the period in question, General Desaix was left in Upper Egypt, and Kleber in the vicinity of Damietta. I left Cairo and traversed the Arabian Desert, in order to unite my force with that of the latter at El Arish. The town was attacked, and a capitulation succeeded. Many of the prisoners were found, on examination,



examination, to be natives of the Mountains, and inhabitants of Mount Tabor, but chiefly from Nazareth. They were immediately released, on their engaging to return quietly to their homes, children and wives: at the same time, they were recommended to acquaint their countrymen, the Napolese, that the French were no longer their enemies, unless they were found in arms assisting the Pacha. When this ceremony was concluded the army proceeded on its march towards Jaffa. Gaza surrendered on the route.—That city, on the first view of it, bore a formidable appearance, and the garrison was considerable. It was summoned to surrender: when the officer, who bore my flag of truce, no sooner passed the city wall, than his head was inhumanly struck off, instantly fixed upon a pole, and insultingly exposed to the view of the French army. At the sight of this horrid and unexpected object, the indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds: they were perfectly infuriated; and, with the most eager impatience, demanded to be led on to the storm. I did not hesitate, under such circumstances, to command it. The attack was dreadful; and the carnage exceeded any action I had then witnessed. We carried the place, and it required all my efforts and influence to restrain the fury of the enraged soldiers. At length, I succeeded, and night closed the sanguinary scene. At the dawn of the following morning, a report was brought me, that five hundred men, chiefly Napolese, who had lately formed a part of the garrison of El Arish, and to whom I had a few days before given liberty, on condition that they should return to their homes, were actually found and recognised amongst the prisoners. On this fact being indubitably ascertained, I ordered the five hundred men to be drawn out and instantly shot.”—In the course of our conversation, his anxiety appeared to be extreme that I should be satisfied of the truth of every part of his narrative; and he continually interrupted it by asking me, if I perfectly comprehended him. He was, however, Patient himself, when I made any observations expressive of doubts I had previously entertained respecting any part of the subjects agitated between us, or any unfavourable opinion entertained or propagated in England.

He now returned to the subject of Sir Robert Wilson, and asked me if I knew any thing of his military character, and the tendency of his writings; and if the

latter had added to his fortune.—I replied, that I could not speak upon either, from my own knowledge; but I was induced to suppose from the services in which he had been engaged he must have stood high in the opinion of those who employed him; and I had also understood that his works were considered as having been very honourable to him both as a writer and a soldier.—“Pray, can you tell me,” he continued, “from what motive this officer has acted in the escape of La Valette, the decided and avowed friend of the man whom he has so wantonly calumniated?”—I was here, as it may be supposed, rather embarrassed for an immediate reply, but he gave me full time to collect myself, and I answered, “That I had no doubt they were such as did honour to his heart, whatever imputation may have been passed upon his judgment and his discretion. Somewhat of an adventurous and romantic spirit might have governed him; but it never was imagined by any one, that he was influenced by sordid or pecuniary motives; that idea never seems to have occurred when the transaction was the subject of universal consideration and enquiry. There was not, I thought, a person in England who received him or his companions with a diminution of their regard for the part they had taken in this mysterious business.” In an instant he observed, “I believe every word you have said, at the same time you may be assured, that money would not have been wanting to save La Valette.—I desire you also to give your particular attention to my opinion, which is a decided one. That this act of Sir Robert Wilson, for the preservation of La Valette, is the commencement of his recantation of what he has written against me.”—It is a coincidence, perhaps, not worth mentioning, but is a singular circumstance, that we had a son of Sir Robert Wilson, at this time, a midshipman on board the Northumberland.

I now discontinued the subject, and approached the chimney-piece to examine a small bust in marble, which appeared to me to be exquisitely sculptured. When he saw my attention to it, he exclaimed, “that is my son.” Indeed, the resemblance to the father is so very striking, that it is discernible at the first glance. On one side is a miniature also of young Napoleon, and a highly-finished portrait of his mother, Maria Louisa, on the other.

He now complained of a pain in the



great-toe of his right foot ; described the sensation he felt, and asked if it betokened the gout.—I requested to know if he could trace the disease of gout to any hereditary transmission. “No,” he replied, “neither of his parents ever had the gout ;” but, recollecting himself, he added, that “his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, had been very much afflicted by it.”

He now returned to the grievance of being watched by an officer. “You are acquainted,” he said, “with the Island of St. Helena, and must be sensible that a sentinel, placed on either of these hills, can command the sight of me from the moment I quit this house till I return to it. If an officer or soldier placed on that height will not satisfy your Governor, why not place ten, twenty—a troop of dragoons. Let them never lose sight of me ; only keep an officer from my side.”

#### ANOTHER VISIT.

I passed a considerable part of the afternoon in Napoleon's apartment ; and, as usual, was employed in answering, to the best of my information, such as it is, the various questions which he thought proper to ask me. His enquiries were particularly directed to the nature, circumstances, and state of the fleet which had just arrived : Our trade to India, and the numerous English which appeared to be constantly passing to and fro, between India and Europe. In the course of this conversation I happened to mention the hope entertained by the strangers in the town of being gratified by the sight of him as he passed to the Plantation-House to dine with the Governor. This little piece of information proved to be *fort mal à propos*, as it produced the only symptom of petulance I had witnessed in my various communications with the Ex-emperor ; and it was displayed in tone, look, and gesture, in his very brief, but hasty, reply.—“What, go to dinner, perhaps, with a file of soldiers to guard me !”—In a few minutes, however, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject.—“After all,” he said, “they could not, I think, expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable ; and I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied as I must be by an officer.”

The Countess of Loudon left the island without seeing the Ex-emperor, and is said to have acknowledged her disappointment on the occasion ; and, if I may venture an opinion, but, remember

it is certainly my own, I think the regret is mutual.

He asked me some days after, if I had seen the Countess. I answered in the affirmative ; and added, that she had honoured the Northumberland with a visit, and, as it was usual with all visitors to the ship, she was shewn the cabin which he had occupied during the passage. I thought also, it would amuse him to be informed, that curious strangers generally chose to indulge their fancy by sitting down in his chair. “And did the Countess,” he said, “do the chair that honour ?” Unfortunately, I could not speak with certainty on that item of his enquiry, not having been in the cabin at the time. He seemed, however, to enjoy the whim of sitting in his chair, and continued his questions. “Would it, do you suppose, have appeared indecorous to the people of England, if the Countess of Loudon had visited Longwood ? Could it have been thought incorrect in any degree, if the lady, in company with Madame Bertrand, had paid me a visit in this garden ? Many ladies, on their return to England, have been introduced to me in that manner. Had the Countess of Loudon expressed herself fatigued by the voyage, or had been indisposed from any other cause, I should have been pleased to wait on her.”—I could only say, in return, “that I was a countryman of her ladyship, and, if by any chance, I should have the honour of possessing the opportunity, I would certainly intrude myself so far upon her attention, as to inform her of your polite disposition towards her.”

He now dashed at once on a subject so totally different from any thing you can expect, that I would give your sagacity its full play for the rest of your life, nor fear your stumbling upon it. It was, as usual, in the form a question, and your impatience will, in a moment, be satisfied. —“Have you,” he exclaimed, “any knowledge of physiognomy ?”—“Not from study.”—“Have you read Lavater ?”—“I have read some extracts from his works, and that is all I know of them.” —“Can you judge whether a man possesses talents from observing the features of his face ?”—“All I can say, general, is this, that I know when a face is pleasing or displeasing to me.”—“Ah,” he replied in an instant, “there it is—you have found it out.—Have you observed Sir Hudson Lowe's face ?”—“Yes, I have.”—“And what does it promise ?”—“If I am to speak the truth, I like Lady Lowe's much better.”—He now laughed, and



and I was thinking how to get rid of the subject, which had a tendency to be an awkward one, as it might be addressed to me. He, however, gave me no time, and proceeded to draw comparisons between his late and his present guardian; but in a vein of pleasantry, as it appeared, and with such a rapid succession of ideas, that I did not, by any means, comprehend his expressions, or the objects of them.

ANOTHER.

I happened to be at Longwood, when Mr. Raffles, the late governor of Java and his suite, obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. The anxiety of that gentleman to see Bonaparte was extreme: his curiosity was a perfect rage, and the utmost was done to accomplish its gratification. In short, though indisposition might have been pleaded, an hour was appointed by the ex-emperor to receive the ex-governor; and the latter had not words to express his delight at the manner in which he had been received.

In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there, I found him surrounded by his whole suite, Mesdames and Messieurs, with the carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention: for, instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it: while the marshals, counts, and generals stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me; though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart, and rather unmannerly breeze.—“Do you know,” he said, “this governor of Java?”—“I know no more of him than from the introduction of to-day.”—“Do you know any thing of that island?”—“What I know of it is merely from the information of others.”—“The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate; but I believe that, a more favourable opinion is now entertained of it.”—“I believe so: at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect.”—“Have you ever seen a case of the plague?”—“Never.”—“Do you know the disease?”—“My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read.”—The army of Egypt suf-

fered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew.

The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration.”—I replied, that, “I had understood actual contact would convey it.”—No;” he said, “I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants; being convinced by observation, that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine; placing myself on the side of the infected person from which the wind blew.”—We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought it proper to make some show of retiring; but he would not take the hint, for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led Madame Bertrand to the carriage: he followed; and I stood to see them drive off. Observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them: I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting car to a country fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, and affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English; and, having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, “This is my mistress! O not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress;” while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count her husband bursting with laughter. He then asked, if he had made a mistake; and, being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out “O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love; no, not love; my friend, my friend.” The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—he was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress, with a half-comic half-serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question—

“In



"In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?"—It is not unlikely that I looked a little surprized; but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of any one." He laughed, and continued, "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases: that they may sometimes do too much, at other times too little. After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself, and said—Well, if I had not bled, or, vice versâ, if I had bled this man, he would have recovered; or, if he had not consulted a physician at all, he might have been now alive." I made no reply, and he continued his questions.—

"Which do you think are the best surgeons, the French or the English?"—"The English undoubtedly."—"But wherefore?"—"Because our schools are better. There is more system in our education; and the examination is such as to establish the fitness of any candidate for the profession before he is regularly admitted into it."—"But, in point of practice, will you not allow that the French surgeons have the advantage of you?"—"In practice, general, the French are empirics, though they do not vend nostrums like our quacks in England. They are, in fact, more guided by experience than theory. But you, sir, have enabled my brethren in the English army to be tolerable proficient in field practice." Napoleon smiled at my reply, and immediately proceeded to a question, which, though it is not altogether disconnected with the former subject, I did not expect. It was this—"Who is your first physician in London?"—"That is an enquiry which I did not expect, and cannot take upon myself to answer; there are so many physicians of eminence there, that it would be hazardous to mention a favourite name."—"But have you no particular person in the profession who takes the lead?"—"No, indeed; there are, it is true, fashionable physicians, who have their run for a season or two, or even three; but I could not give the preference to one without doing injustice to fifty. I could, I think, more particularly distinguish eminent surgeons."—"What is the general fee?"—"That frequently depends on the rank and fortune of the patient."—"What is the highest that you have ever known?"—"I really cannot give a precise answer to that question: no particular sum in that way at present occurs to me. Handsome fortunes are sometimes ac-

quired by practice in a few years; but that falls to the lot of but few, whom particular circumstances, and distinguished patronage, as well as professional skill, have raised into great celebrity."—"When Corvisart attended my wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, on the birth of my son, he was ordered three thousand Napoleons. I wished, at one time, that the Empress should be bled, according to your practice, but Corvisart refused: she was in a very full habit. You are much employed on shore, are you not, as well as on board of ships?"—"I am sometimes asked to visit the patients of my friends."—"Do they pay you well?"—"I never yet accepted of a fee. While I serve, I am satisfied with my pay."—"What does your king allow you?"—"Two hundred and twenty pounds a year."—"You have been all your life at sea, have you not?"—"I have, indeed; and during a space of nearly twenty years."—"Does your king provide for you afterwards?"—"Yes, sir, he does. At the expiration of six years' service, he allows me, provided I am no longer in employ, — shillings a day: but that sum is not increased for any subsequent service, until I have completed thirty years."—"That, I think, is not an adequate remuneration."—"I think so too, general; however, I have no right to complain, because I knew the conditions before I engaged; and, in England, we are never obliged to do so against our inclinations."—"Is it not very expensive living in the Island of St. Helena?"—"Very much so: a stranger cannot board under thirty shillings a day."—"How, then, do you contrive to live?"—"At present by the hospitality of a very kind and generous friend; and, occasionally, I have recourse to the fare of the Northumberland." He continued his questions, and I my replies, as you will perceive. "The army must be an enormous expence to your government, is it not?"—"Not more, I trust, than it can maintain. It is, I fancy, greater than the navy."—"But from what cause?"—"The expence of the army is oftentimes, and indeed necessarily increased, I conceive, from its local situation."—"And why not the navy?"—"The latter is merely stationary, and the former more or less permanent."—"Is not England more attached to its navy than its army?"—"The navy is certainly considered as its more natural, essential, and effectual defence; but the army will sometimes raise its head very high, and be regarded with a rival favour when it is crowned,



as it so often is, with laurels: such a field as that of Waterloo can hardly find adequate gratitude in the hearts of Englishmen."—To this observation Napoleon made no reply, nor did he give an unpleasant look.—But he changed the subject.

"Where," said he, "were you educated?"—I replied, "in Edinburgh."—"You have very eminent professors there I know: I remember Doctor Brown's system was in repute during my first Italian campaign. I have read of your other men of note, and I wish you would call them to my recollection by repeating their names."—I accordingly mentioned Black in chemistry; Monro in anatomy and surgery, and Gregory in physic; but, at the same time, I observed, that, while I particularized these distinguished characters whose pupil I was; I could name others of equal merit in the different schools of the British empire.—"I never knew," said Napoleon, "but one physician who was infallible in his diagnostics. He was certain in his discovery of the nature and seat of a disease: his name was Dubos; but, strange to say, he could not prescribe; and consequently would never undertake the treatment or cure of a complaint whose character his acumen could so accurately penetrate." I observed, that he had a very able surgeon with him in Egypt, Monsieur Lerry.—"Yes," he answered, "he was excellent in his field-arrangements; but I have had men with me who, in scientific knowledge, were superior to him."—"Mr. Percy," I said, "who joined you on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, had the reputation of superior professional talents."—"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a glow on his countenance, "how did you know that?"—"I must either have read of it in Lerry's publication, or heard it mentioned by General Bertrand."—He continued.

"It was my intention in France to have classed your profession into three divisions. I have always respected it: it is a science, and more than a science; because it requires a knowledge of several: chemistry, anatomy, botany, and physic.—For the first class, I should have selected the most eminent of the profession."—"But how, general, would you have discovered them?"—"By their reputation, income, and the figure which they made in the world."—"But would not that plan be liable to objection? many men of merit live in obscurity."—"Then there let them remain," he said, "what else are they fit for? If I were to chuse

a surgeon from your fleet, should not I take him from the Northumberland in preference to the little brig?"—"There general, you may also be mistaken."—"No, no, no; a man of talent in every station and condition in life will discover himself. Depend upon it I should be safe, in a general sense, in adopting my own plan. The first ranks should have had some honorary marks of distinction, exclusive of that respect in private life which their education will always command. The third class should be humble in the extreme; nor would they have been permitted to administer any thing beyond the most inoffensive medicines."—"Perhaps, sir," I remarked, "after such an arrangement, you might, according to our English custom, have submitted future candidates to an examination."—"Yes," he replied, "that might have been right."

"A physician," continued he, "appears to me to resemble a general officer. He must be a man of observation and discernment, with a penetrating eye. Possessed of these qualities, he will discover the strength of the enemy's position. Thus far, Doctor Dubos could go, and no farther. A sagacious practitioner will just employ sufficient force to dispossess the enemy of his strong hold: a force beyond that might injure the citadel. Now, I think, if you carry your mercury too far, you must do mischief: so I say of the practice of Sangrado."—I then expressed to him my surprize at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary life. "Yes," he said, "my health has been very good. When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint; as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious ballancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient, both of the body and the mind."—"It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt."—"I was very thin; and at that time subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to Doctor Corvisart, who blistered me twice on the chest."

#### BLUNDERS AT WATERLOO.

Napoleon, it seems, was completely ignorant of the movement made from Frasnes, by Count Erlon, (Drouet,) on the 16th. For, when he appeared near Ligny, Napoleon actually deployed a column of French to oppose him, mistaking his



his force, at the time, for a division of the Prussian army.—Erlon was now made acquainted with the defeat of the Prussians; and, without thinking it necessary to have any communication with Napoleon, as to future operations, returned to his original position. That division of the army, therefore, became totally useless for that day both to the Emperor and to Marshal Ney.—Grouchy, losing sight of Blucher, and taking the circuitous route which he pursued, was represented as having committed a most fatal error.—While the right wing of the French, in the battle of the 18th, was engaged, in defeating the flank movement of Bulow, of which they were perfectly apprised, Marshal Ney had orders to engage the attention of the English during this part of the action; but by no means to hazard the loss of his troops, or to exhaust their strength.

Ney, it appears, did not obey the order, or met with circumstances that rendered it impracticable for him to adhere to it. He was stated to have contended for the occupation of a height, and thus weakened his corps; so that, when the imperial guards were brought to the charge, he was unable to assist them.—I understood that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre with 111 000 men. In the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras he lost 10,000. Grouchy's division consisted of 30,000, detached to follow Blucher, leaving an effective force, on the morning of the 18th, of 71,000. I hope you will comprehend my account, which I think was the purport of General Gourgon's statement to me: though I do not know any two characters more liable to a small share of perplexity, than a sailor describing a terra-firma battle, and a soldier entering into the particulars of a naval engagement.—But, by way of climax, I was assured that the report of Bonaparte's standing on an elevated wooden frame to obtain a commanding view of the field of battle, is altogether a misrepresentation.—It was, on the contrary, a raised mound of earth, where he placed himself with his staff; and, the ground being sloppy and slippery, he ordered some trusses of straw to be placed under his feet to keep them dry, and prevent his sliding.

This was the last visit I paid to Napoleon; and, when I took my leave of him, he rose from his chair, and said, "I wish you health and happiness, and a safe voyage to your country, where I hope you will find your friends in health, and ready to receive you."

I had been uniformly treated with such respectful kindness, and, in some degree, with such partial confidence by General Bertrand, Mons. De las Cases, and, indeed, by every one of the suite, that I could not take my leave of them without a considerable degree of sensibility. A more amiable, united, and delightful family than that of General Bertrand I never yet saw: nor is his affection as a husband, and his fondness as a father, less striking than his fidelity to his Master.

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CATECHISM  
OF  
POLITICAL ECONOMY;  
OR,  
Familiar Conversations  
On the manner in which  
WEALTH  
IS  
PRODUCED, DISTRIBUTED, and CONSUMED,  
IN  
SOCIETY.

By JEAN-BAPTISTE SAY,  
*Professor of Political Economy in the "Athénée Royal" of Paris, Knight of St. Wolodimir of Russia, Member of the Societies of Zurich, Bologna, &c. and Author of a Treatise on Political Economy.*

Translated from the French  
By JOHN RICHTER.

In octavo, 6s.

[At a time when the fortunes of the British empire depend on the prudence and wisdom with which its financial system may be conducted, a more acceptable service could not well be rendered the country than by publishing a translation of this valuable Elementary Treatise. The people of England have, heretofore, been so grossly ignorant, or so wickedly deluded, on these subjects, that, within these three years, a clamour was raised against the Editor of this Magazine for asserting, that the real property of the country stood legally mortgaged for the debt, which had been incurred to carry on the late Wars; and, at another time, he even received threatening letters for stating that the tax-gatherers were but collectors of the interest in behalf of the mortgagers, or public creditors. It was gravely contended by these anonymous writers, that no such relation existed between the public creditors and the proprietors, as that of mortgagees and mortgagers; and it was not till after seizures of real property had taken place in almost every county,



county, and that the same had been sold to pay the taxes, that it was generally felt that arrears of taxes operated against the property exactly as arrears of interest in a mortgage. While such delusion prevails, and while there is a high probability that a continuance of it may lead to the most fatal results, it is evident that the clear expositions of M. SAY ought to be read in every parish, from the Orkneys to the Land's End.—The following chapters will justify our opinion to every intelligent reader.]

ON THE COMPOSITION OF WEALTH AND THE USE OF MONEY.

**W**HAT do you understand by the word wealth?

Whatever has a value; gold, silver, land, merchandise . . . . .

Are not gold and silver preferable to other wealth?

That is preferable in which the greatest value is to be found. One hundred and ten guineas in corn are preferable to one hundred guineas in gold.

But, where the value is equal, is not the money better than the merchandise?

In fact, it is preferred.

What is the reason of it?

The custom generally established of using money as a medium in exchanges, renders that species of merchandise more convenient than any other for those who have purchases to make; that is, for every body.

What do you mean by money being a medium of exchanges?

If you are a farmer and desire to exchange a part of your corn for cloth, you begin by procuring money for your corn; then with that money you buy cloth.

Without doubt.

You have in reality made a double exchange, in which you have given corn to one man, and another has given cloth to you.

That is true.

The value of this corn was transitorily in money, afterwards in cloth; and, though you have in fact exchanged your corn for cloth, money was the intermediate form which that value assumed in order to change itself into cloth. Such is the use of money.

Well! But, if all these values are equal, why is that of money preferred?

Because, when a man once possesses money, he need make only one exchange, in order to obtain what he may want; while he who possesses every other merchandise, has two exchanges to make. He must, in the first place, exchange his

merchandise for money, and afterwards his money for merchandise.

Can you make use of any other thing for this purpose instead of money?

Yes; there are countries in which shells and other articles are used; but the metals, and principally gold and silver, are, of all materials, the most convenient to be used as money. It is that which has caused them to be adopted by all civilized and commercial nations.

Then in those countries in which shells are used as money, they are the objects which, the value being equal, are preferred in exchanges?

They are so in effect: but the precious metals are more sought after than the other monies, because they possess, as merchandise, certain advantages which increase the preference they possess as money. They contain much value in small bulk, which permits them to be easily concealed and carried from place to place; they do not spoil by keeping; they may be divided or reunited at will, almost without loss; in fine, they are valuable all over the world, and whatever frequented place we travel to with this sort of wealth, we are sure, on more or less favourable conditions, to be able to exchange it for whatever we may want.

I comprehend the reason why money, and, above all, money of gold and silver, is more desirable than any other merchandise; but how can we procure it?

As we procure every thing else that we want, by an exchange when we have not a mine that produces it; in the same way that we procure fruit when we do not possess the tree that bears it.

How can we obtain a thing in order to give it in exchange for money?

Produce it.

Produce a thing! But, supposing that possible, how shall I be certain that I shall get money for that thing?

You may assure yourself of that by giving it a value.

ON THE UTILITY AND VALUE OF PRODUCTS.

What do you understand by the word Products?

I understand all those things to which men have consented to give a value.

How is value given to a thing?

By giving it utility.

How is the utility of a thing the cause of its having a value?

Because persons are then to be found who are in want of this thing; they desire to have it from those who produce it. These, on their side, will not part from it until they are paid the expenses they



have been at in producing it, including their profits. The value of the thing is established by the result of this opposition between the producer and the consumer.

But there are many things of great utility, and no value, as water. Why have they no value?

Because Nature gives them gratuitously, and without stint, and we are not obliged to produce them. If a person were able to create water, and wished to sell it, no one would buy it, because it could be got at the river for nothing. Thus all the world enjoy these things, but they are not riches to any body. If all things that men could desire were in the same case, no one would be rich, but no one would be in want of riches, since each could enjoy all things at his pleasure.

But this is not the case: the greater part of things which are necessary and even indispensable to us, are not given to us gratuitously and unlimitedly. Human industry must, with pains and labour, collect, fashion, and transport them.

They then become products. The utility, the faculty they have acquired of being serviceable, gives them a value and this value is riches.

When once riches are thus created they may be exchanged for other riches, other values, and we may procure the products which we want in exchange for those we can spare. We have seen in the preceding chapter how money facilitates this exchange.

I now conceive how products alone are riches; but their utility does not appear to be the only cause which gives them value; for there are products, such as rings and artificial flowers, which have value but no utility.

You do not discover the utility of these products because you call only useful that which is so to the eye of reason, but you ought to understand by that word whatever is capable of satisfying the wants and desires of man such as he is. His vanity and his passions are to him wants, sometimes as imperious as hunger. He is the sole judge of the importance that things are of to him, and of the want he has of them. We cannot judge of it but by the price he puts on them. The value of things is the sole measure of their utility to man. It is enough for us to give them utility in his eyes in order to give them a value. Now that is what we call to produce, to create products.

Recapitulate what you have said.

Give to any thing, to a material which has no value, utility, and you give it a value; that is, you make a product of it, you create wealth.

One can then create wealth?

Incontestably.

I thought that man could not create any thing.

He cannot create matter; he cannot make the laws which regulate nature; but with existing matter and the laws of nature, such as they are, he can give a value to certain things, and consequently can create wealth.

What country may be called a rich country?

One in which many things of value, or, more briefly, many values are to be found; in the same manner as a family which possesses many of these values is a rich family.

#### ON PUBLIC PROPERTY AND TAXES.

From whence are the values derived which serve for the public consumptions?

They are derived either from the revenues of property belonging to the public, or from taxes.

What constitutes the revenues of public property?

These properties are either capital or freehold property, but most generally freehold property, land, houses, &c. which the government let, and the revenue of which it consumes for the advantage of the public. When it consists of forests, it sells the annual felling; when capital it lends it at interest, but this last case is very rare.

Who is it that pays the taxes?

The individuals whom in this respect we call contributors.

Where do the contributors get the values with which they pay the taxes?

They take these values from the products which belong to them, or, which comes to the same thing, from the money which they procure by the exchange of these products.

Are these products the fruit of the annual productions?

They are sometimes the products of the year, which form part of the income of individuals, and sometimes former products, which they employ as productive capitals.

In what case do the contributors take from their capitals to pay the taxes?

When their incomes are not sufficient. And in this case the taxes dry up one of the sources of revenue, and one of the means of the industry of society.

Give



Give me an example in which the taxes are discharged with a portion of capital.

If a man whose income is absorbed by the ordinary contributions, together with the maintenance of his family, comes to an heir, and as an heir he is bound to pay impost, it must be taken out of his inheritance; the capital in the hands of the heir is therefore no longer so considerable as it was in the hands of the deceased. Similar observations may be made on the expenses of proceedings at law, bonds, securities, &c. In all these cases the tax paid by the contributor is withdrawn from the mass of capital usefully employed, and is so much capital devoted to consumption, and actually disappears. This happens also in cases where the profits are small and the impost considerable; many contributors cannot in that case discharge the taxes without breaking in upon their capitals.

The major part of the taxes are however taken from incomes?

Yes: for, if the taxes dry up too completely the sources of production, they would diminish more and more every day the products with which alone they could be paid.

If there are some of them which break into the capital of individuals, how happens it that the means of production are not destroyed in the long run?

Because at the same time that some individuals break into their capitals, those of others are increased by saving.

Do not the taxes serve, on the other hand, to multiply products by compelling the contributors to produce, in order to be able to pay them?

The hope of enjoying the products one has created is a much stronger incitement to production than the idea of satisfying the tax gatherer. But, if the impost should excite the desire of producing more, it does not afford the means. In order to extend production, it is necessary to increase capital, which is the more impossible, as the necessity of paying the tax prevents the saving, which alone creates capital. In short, if the necessity of paying the taxes should excite efforts which augment production, there will not result from it any increase of the general riches, since what is raised by the impost is consumed, and does not serve to increase any saving. Thus, it may be seen that great taxes are destructive of public prosperity, instead of being favourable to it.

Which are the principal kinds of taxes levied for this purpose?

Sometimes they are exacted from the contributors at so much per head, as in the capitation tax. Sometimes as in the land tax, they take a part of the revenue arising from the lands; which are valued, either after the actual rent or after the extent and fertility of the soil. Sometimes the rent of a house, the number of its doors and windows, and of the servants and horses kept by the contributor, serve as a basis for the amount of his contribution. Sometimes, his profits are valued according to the industry he carries on: from hence the impost on licences (*patentes*). All these contributions bear the name of direct taxes, because they are demanded, directly, of the contributor in person.

Are not all taxes demanded directly from the contributor?

They are sometimes demanded, not from the payer, but are included in the price of the merchandize on which the impost is laid, and without the receiver knowing even the name of the contributor. For this reason they are called indirect taxes.

When and in what manner are taxes levied on merchandize?

They are sometimes levied at the instant in which they are produced, like the salt in France, or the gold and silver mines in Mexico. A portion of the value of these merchandize is levied at the moment of their extraction. Sometimes a duty is levied at the moment of their transportation from one place to another, as in the instance of import duties; and in the "Octroi," which is paid in France at the entrance of towns: sometimes at the moment of consumption, as for stamps and admissions to the theatres.

Does the amount of the impost remain at the expense of those who pay it?

No: they endeavour to reimburse themselves, at least in part, from those who purchase the products, in the creation of which the contributors have assisted.

Do the contributors always succeed in thus shifting the burden from themselves?

They seldom succeed completely, because they cannot do so without raising the price of their products; and a rise of price always diminishes the consumption of a product by putting it out of the reach of some of its consumers. The demand for this sort of product then diminishes, and its price falls. The price not then affording so liberal a remuneration for the productive services devoted to this object, the quantity of it is lessened. Thus, when an import duty is laid



laid on cotton, the manufacturers of cottons and the tradesmen who sell them cannot raise the price so high as to recover back the amount of the taxes; for that purpose it would be necessary that the same quantity of cotton goods should be demanded and sold, and that the society should devote to the purchase of this particular article more values than it had heretofore devoted to it, which is not possible. The cotton goods become dearer; their producers gain less, and this kind of production declines.

What consequence do you draw from that?

That the impost is paid partly by the producers, whose profits, i. e. whose incomes it lessens; and partly by those consumers who continue to purchase notwithstanding the dearness, since they pay more for a product, which in point of fact is not more valuable.

What other consequence do you draw from it?

That the impost, in making the products dearer, does not augment even nominally the total value of productions; for the products diminish in quantity more than they augment in price.

Does this effect take place with respect to any other merchandize than that on which the impost is levied?

It takes place on all the merchandize which the contributor sells. Brewers and bakers sell their products dearer when a tax is laid on the wood or coals which they burn. A tax on meat and other eatables at the gates of a city renders all its manufactured products dearer.

Can all producers make the consumers bear a portion of the imposts which they are compelled to pay?

There are producers who cannot. An impost laid on an article of luxury bears only on those who consume it. If a tax is laid on lace, the wine merchant whose wife wears lace, cannot sell his wine dearer on that account, for he could not maintain a competition with his neighbour whose wife does not wear lace. A landholder cannot in general make his consumers bear any portion of the tax he is compelled to pay.\*

In order not to deceive ourselves as to

\* So long as the tax does not absorb the whole of the net profit, or rent of land, it is worth while to cultivate it: consequently the impost does not diminish the quantity of the territorial products which come to market, and this is never a cause of dearness. When the impost is excessive, it

the effect of taxes, how ought we to consider them?

As a cause of the destruction of part of the products of society. This destruction takes place at the expense of those who are unable to evade or shift it from themselves. The producers and consumers pay the value of the products thus destroyed; the first, in not selling their products at a price sufficient to cover the taxes; the second, in paying more for them than they are worth, but in proportions which vary with every article and every class of individuals.

We may also consider the impost as an augmentation of the charges of production. It is an expense sustained by the producers and consumers; but which, while it renders the products dearer, does not augment the incomes of the producers, as its amount is not divided among them. Their expenses augment as consumers, without their incomes increasing as producers: they are not so rich.

What is to be understood by a subject of taxation?

By those words, is often meant, the merchandise which serves as a basis for the tax. Brandy, in this sense, is a "subject of taxation," by means of the duties which are levied on this liquor. But the expression is not correct. Brandy is only a basis for the demand of a value; a merchandise which the government uses as a means of raising money. The true subject of taxation is, in this case, the income of the individuals who manufacture and consume the brandy. Thus the subject of taxation increases, when these incomes, whatever be their source, are augmented.

What do you conclude from that?

That every thing which tends to increase the riches of a nation extends and multiplies the subject of taxation. It is from this cause, that as a country prospers the amount of the taxes increases, without increasing the rate of them; and diminishes when it declines.

Are we justified in considering the  
surpasses the net produce of the worst lands, and hinders the improvement of others. Thus territorial products become more rare: still this circumstance does not raise the price in a durable manner, because the population is not long before it gets down to the level of the territorial products; if less are offered, less are wanted. For this reason, in these countries which produce little corn, it is not dearer than in those that produce much. It is even cheaper, for reasons which cannot be developed here.  
amount



amount of the taxes as part of the income of a nation?

Never, for they are values not created, but transferred. They have formed a part of the incomes of individuals which they have not consumed.

Have not the government other sources of revenue?

Sometimes the government retains the exclusive exercise of a certain industry, and causes it to be paid for beyond its value, as the carriage of letters. In this case the tax does not amount to the whole of the charge for postage, but only to that part which exceeds what it would cost if this service was left open to free competition.

The profits which government sometimes makes on lotteries is of the same kind, but is much less justifiable, on many accounts.

#### ON PUBLIC LOANS.

With what view do governments borrow money?

To provide for extraordinary expences which the ordinary revenues are not sufficient to discharge. How do they pay the interest of the loans they borrow?

They pay it either by laying on a new tax, or by economising, from the ordinary expences, a sum sufficient to pay the annual interest.

Loans, then, are a means of consuming a principal of which the interest is paid by a portion of the taxes?

Yes.

Who are the lenders?

Individuals who have capitals at their disposal.

Since government represents the society, and society is composed of individuals, it is then the society which lends to itself.

Yes: it is a part of the individuals who lend to the whole of the individuals; that is to say, to the society or to its government.

What effect is produced by public loans on the public riches? Do they augment or diminish them?

The loan in itself neither increases nor diminishes them: it is a value which passes from the hands of individuals to the hands of the government, a simple transfer. But, as the principal of the loan, or, if you will, the capital lent, is generally consumed in consequence of this transfer, public loans produce an unproductive consumption, a destruction of capital.

Would not a capital thus lent have been equally consumed if it had remained in the hands of individuals?

No: the individuals who lent the capital, wished to lay it out, not to consume it. If it had not been lent to government it would have been lent to those who would have made use of it, or they would have employed it themselves; thus the capital would have been consumed reproductively instead of unproductively.

Is the total income of a nation increased or diminished by public loans?

It is diminished, because all the capital which is consumed carries with it the income which it would otherwise have gained.

But, in this case, the individual who lends does not lose any income, since the government pays him interest for his capital; and, if he does not lose, who does?

Those who lose are the contributors who pay the increased taxes, with which the public creditor is paid his interest.

But, if the creditor receives on the one hand an income which the contributor pays on the other, it appears to me that there is no portion of income lost, and that the state has profited by the principal of the loan which it has consumed.

You are in an error; and to convince you of it we will examine how this operation is effected. An individual lends to the state a thousand pounds. Consequently he draws this value from an employment in which it was already, or in which it would have been, engaged. Supposing that this employment would have afforded five per cent. there is an income of fifty pounds taken from the society. It is nevertheless paid to the creditor; but how is it paid? At the expence of a contributor; of a landed proprietor, who would have used for his own purposes these fifty pounds which the government takes from him to pay the creditor. Instead of two incomes which there was in society, that of the thousand pounds lent to government (which either had been, or might have been placed elsewhere) and the income of the funds, which had produced to the landholder the fifty pounds of contribution, which he has been compelled to pay to satisfy the creditor. In lieu of these two incomes, there remains but one, namely, the last, which is transferred from the contributor to the creditor. —Why is there only one income of fifty pounds where there had been formerly two? Because there had been, beside the funds of the contributor, another fund of one thousand pounds, producing fifty



fifty pounds, which has been lent and consumed, and which, consequently, produces nothing.

What are the principal forms under which a government pays the interest of its loans?

Sometimes it pays a perpetual interest on the capital lent, which it does not bind itself to repay: the lenders have in this case no other means of recovering their capital than to sell their debt to other individuals who desire to place themselves in the situation of the former.

Sometimes it borrows, by way of annuity, and pays the lender a life interest.

Sometimes it borrows on condition of repayment, and it stipulates a pure and simple repayment, in a certain number of years, by instalments; or a reimbursement of the principal sum at periods which are sometimes determined by lot.

Sometimes it negotiates bills on its agents, the receivers of contributions. The loss which it suffers by discount represents the interest on the advances it receives.

Sometimes it sells public offices, and thus pays interest for the money furnished. The incumbent can never get back his principal without selling his office. The price of offices is often paid under the name of security.

All these modes of borrowing have the effect of withdrawing from productive employment capitals which are consumed in the public service.

Have not the government the means of paying their debts, even those of which it has promised to pay the interest perpetually?

Yes; by means of what is called a sinking fund.

What is a sinking fund?

When a tax is laid upon the people to pay the interest of a loan, it is laid a little heavier than is necessary to pay this interest; this excess is confided to what are called commissioners for the management of the sinking fund, and who employ it every year to buy up at the market-price a part of the interest or annuities paid by the state. As the same interest always continues to be paid, the sinking fund devotes in the year following, to the purchase of these interests, not only the portion of the tax which is devoted to this use in the first instance, but also the interest which it has already bought up. The manner of extinguishing the public debt by its progressively increasing action, would extinguish it with sufficient rapidity if these sinking funds were never

diverted from this object, and if the debts were not kept up by a perpetual addition of new loans, which bring annually into the market more interest than the sinking fund buys up.

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### SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIVES AND WRITINGS

OF

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

AND

GUILLEN DE CASTRO.

BY

HENRY RICH. LORD HOLLAND.

In two vols. octavo.

[This work constitutes one of the purest specimens of noble authorship which, perhaps, exists in our language. No composition can be conceived more chaste, more tasteful, and more pleasing. It would be fortunate if many of our nobility possessed free and independant minds like Lord Holland, if their principles were strong enough to induce them to shrink from political power when it could not be honestly exerted, and if in leisure their employments were as honourable as that of which this noble author has here given a specimen. LOPE DE VEGA was a literary phenomenon of whom it was highly proper the English people should know more than heretofore; and, in performing this service, Lord Holland has mingled various notices of Spanish literature, which tend to correct many erroneous opinions. Of Lope de Vega, our opinion is not, however, exalted by this account: he appears to have been a miserable bigot, incapable of soaring above the prejudices of education, and the abject tool of the vilest system of policy that ever disgraced any court before our time. Queen Elizabeth was his Napoleon, and Sir Francis Drake his Marshal Ney—the Scotts, the Southneys, and other similar Sycophants of our days, may therefore enlarge their vocabulary by consulting his writings. He was moreover secretary to the Inquisition; and he died in consequence of flagellations imposed on himself to atone for his sins! We fear this will not be the fate of the modern imitators of the worst feature in the character of a man of genius; but in this respect he affords another proof that genius in a particular pursuit ought not to be received as an authority on other subjects, and that men the greatest in one line may be, and commonly are, the weakest in others. Our extracts will justify



justify the opinion we have expressed of Lord Holland's interesting performance, and we have gladly seized on a scrap in the appendix treating of that illustrious patriot, Don Gaspar de Jovellanos, of whom further particulars would be most acceptable from a pen actuated by the principles of Lord Holland.]

EARLY MARKS OF GENIUS.

**L**OPE, according to his biographers, betrayed marks of genius at a very early age, as well as a singular propensity to poetry. They assure us that at two years old these qualities were perceptible in the brilliancy of his eyes; that ere he attained the age of five he could read Spanish and Latin; and that, before his hand was strong enough to guide the pen, he recited verses of his own composition, which he had the good fortune to barter for prints and toys with his playfellows. Thus even in his childhood he not only wrote poetry, but turned his poetry to account; an art in which he must be allowed afterwards to have excelled all poets antient or modern. The date however of his early productions must be collected from his own assertions, from probable circumstances, and the corresponding testimony of his friends and contemporaries; for they were either not printed at the time, or all copies of the impression have long since been lost.

El capitan Virues, insigne ingenio,  
Puso en tres actos la comedia, que antes  
Andaba en quatro como pies de nino,  
Que eran entonces ninas las comedias.—  
Y yo las escribi de once y doce anos.  
De a quatro actos, y de a quatro pliegos,  
Porque cada acto un pliego contenia.

Plays of three acts we owe to Virues' pen,  
Which ne'er had crawl'd but on all fours  
till then;

An action suited to that helpless age,  
The infancy of wit, the childhood of the stage.  
Such plays not twelve years old did I complete,  
Foursheets to every play, an act on every sheet.

SPANISH PASTORALS.

Pastoral works, in prose and verse, had already met with considerable success in Spain; of which the *Diana* by Montemayor was the first in point of merit, and I believe in time. The species of composition is in itself tedious, and the conduct of the *Arcadia* evidently absurd. A pastoral in five long books of prose run mad, in which the shepherds of *Arcadia* woo their *Dulcineas* in the language of *Amadis* rather than of *Theocritus*, in which they occasionally talk

theology, and discuss in verse the origin and nature of grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, astrology, and poetry, and which they enliven by epitaphs on Castilian generals, and a long poem on the achievements of the duke of Alva, and the birth of his son, is not well adapted to the taste of common readers, or likely to escape the censure of critics. In most instances, however, the abstract of a work of this nature, for it must be considered as a poem, forms a very unfair criterion of its merit.

The chief objects of poetry are to delineate strongly the characters and passions of mankind, to paint the appearances of nature, and to describe their effects upon our sensations. To accomplish these ends the versification must be smooth, the language pure and impressive, and the images just, natural, and appropriate; our interest should be excited by the nature of the subject, and kept up by the spirit of the narration. The probability of the story, the connexion of the tale, the regularity of the design, are indeed beauties; but beauties which are ornamental rather than necessary, which have often been attained by persons who had no poetical turn whatever, and as often neglected by those whose genius and productions have placed them in the first rank in the province of poetry. Novels and comedies derive indeed a great advantage from an attention to these niceties. But in the higher branches of invention they are the less necessary, because the justness of the imitation of passions inherent in the general nature of man, depends less upon the probability of the situations, than that of manners and opinions resulting from the accidental and temporary forms of society.

HIS SERVILITY.

—The tyranny, cruelty, and above all the heresy, of Queen Elizabeth, are the perpetual objects of his poetical invective. When in 1602 he published a poem, written on board the *Armada*, he had the satisfaction of adding another on the death of a man who had contributed to complete the discomfiture of that formidable expedition. The *Dragontea* is an epic poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake; and the reader is informed, by a note in the first page, that, wherever the word *Dragon* occurs, it is to be taken for the name of that commander. Tyrant, slave, butcher, and even coward, are supposed to be so applicable to his character, that they are frequently bestowed



stowed upon him in the course of the work without the assistance of an explanatory note.

#### HIS SUPERSTITION.

In 1598, on the canonization of St. Isidore, a native of Madrid, he entered the list with several authors, and overpowered them all with the number, if not with the merit of his performances. Prizes had been assigned for every style of poetry, but above one could not be obtained by the same person. Lope succeeded in the hymns; but his fertile muse, not content with producing a poem of ten cantos in short verse, as well as innumerable sonnets and romances, and two comedies on the subject, celebrated by an act of supererogation both the saint and the poetical competition of the day, in a volume of sprightly poems under the feigned name of Tomé de Burguillos. These were probably the best of Lope's productions on the occasion; but the concurring testimonies of critics agree that most of his verses were appropriate and easy, and that they far excelled those of his numerous competitors. This success raised him no doubt in the estimation of the public, to whom he was already known by the number and excellence of his dramatic writings. Henceforward the licences prefixed to his books do not confine themselves to their immediate object, the simple permission to publish, but contain long and laboured encomiums upon the particular merit of the work, and the general character and style of the author. This was probably the most fortunate period of his life. He had not, it is true, attained the summit of his glory, but he was rising in literary reputation every day; and, as hope is often more delightful than possession, and there is something more animating to our exertions while we are panting to acquire than when we are labouring to maintain superiority, it was probably in this part of his life that he derived most satisfaction from his pursuits. About this time also we must fix the short date of his domestic comforts, of which, while he alludes to the loss of them, he gives a short but feeling description in his Eclogue to Claudio.

Yo vi mi pobre mesa en testimonio,  
Cercada y rica de fragmentos mios,  
Dulces y amargos rios.  
Del mar del matrimonio,  
Y vi, pagando su fatal tributo,  
De tan alegre bien tan triste luto.

The expressions of the above are very difficult, if not impossible, to translate, as

the metaphors are such as none but the Spanish language will admit. The following is rather a paraphrase than a translation:

I saw a group my board surround,  
And sure to me, though poorly spread,  
'Twas rich with such fair objects crown'd,  
Dear bitter presents of my bed!  
I saw them pay their tribute to the tomb,  
And scenes so cheerful change to mourning  
and to gloom.

Of the three persons who formed this family group, the son died at eight years, and was soon followed by his mother: the daughter alone survived our poet. The spirit of Lope seems to have sunk under such repeated losses. At a more enterprising period of life, he had endeavoured to drown his grief in the noise and bustle of a military life; he now resolved to sooth it in the exercise of devotion. Accordingly, having been secretary to the Inquisition, he shortly afterwards became a priest, and in 1609 a sort of honorary member of the brotherhood of St. Francis. But devotion itself could not break in upon his habits of composition. He had about this time acquired sufficient reputation to attract the envy of his fellow poets, and spared no exertions to maintain his post, and repel the criticisms of his enemies.

#### SPANISH ROMANCES.

The metre and character of such compositions are peculiar to the country in which they were written. The verse is trochaic, and never exceeds eight syllables in length: the *asonante*, or full rhyme, was originally used in them as in all Castilian poetry. The *asonante*, or rhyme in vowels only, became common at the end of the sixteenth century, and has ever since been usually adopted in the *romances*. It was about the same period, when Lope de Vega had attained his reputation, and Gongora was in the vigour of life, that the first collections of these little pieces were published under the title of *Romanceros*. The approbation with which they were received stimulated those eminent writers to try their talent in a species of production which, though popular before them, had not hitherto extended the fame of any author's name, or attracted the notice of literary men.

The peculiar and national character of the *romances*, or Spanish ballads, is thus eloquently described by Don Manuel Quintana, in his preface to a selection of Spanish poetry.

"They were properly the lyric poetry of our country. In them the accents of our



our music were heard at night in our streets and public places, to the sound of the harp or the guitar. They were at once the vehicles and incentives of love, as well as the shafts of satire and revenge. They painted the manners of our Moriscoes and our shepherds, and preserved in the memory of our people the exploits of the Cid and other favourite champions. In short, more flexible than all other compositions, they could be applied to every object; and whether clothed in rich and majestic language, or tinged with the milder colours of sweetness and sensibility, they always exhibited that characteristic ease, nature, and freshness, which originality alone can produce without exaggeration or research.

"In them are to be found more beautiful and spirited expressions, more delicate and ingenious passages, than in the whole range of Castilian poetry. The Morisco ballads in particular are written with a vigour and sprightliness of style which enchant the reader. The union of courage and of love, the gallantry and tenderness of the Moors, the sonorous harmony of the names, each and all, contribute to give novelty and poetry to the compositions in which they are portrayed. Our writers afterwards becoming weary of Moorish disguises, transferred the ballads to pastoral subjects. Fields and rivulets, flowers and names carved upon trees, then took the place of challenges, tournaments, and devices: but, whatever the ballads may have lost in strength, they gained by the change in sweetness and simplicity.

"In both classes the invention was beautiful; and it is wonderful with how little effort, and with what conciseness of language, the scenery, the hero, and his emotions, are delineated in such short compositions. At one time it is the Alcaide of Molina, who, entering the town at full speed, alarms the Moors with the report of a Christian incursion, which is laying waste their fields; at another it is the ill-fated Aliatar borne with the melancholy pomp of a military funeral through the very gate whence he had issued the day before full of exultation and spirit. Sometimes it is a simple country girl, who, having lost her earrings, the keepsake of her sweetheart, dreads the reproaches which await her: and sometimes it is the solitary and rejected shepherd, who, indignant that two doves should coo in the neighbouring poplar, interrupts their loves, and scares them away with a stone."

MONTHLY MAG. No. 293.

LOPE'S DISPUTE WITH CERVANTES.

The origin of the dispute between Cervantes and Lope is unknown, and the existence of any open warfare is in some measure problematical. La Huerta, the editor of a late collection of Spanish plays, and himself no despicable dramatic writer, in a zealous defence of Lope, accuses Cervantes very unjustly of detraction and malignity. Wherever Cervantes has mentioned the poet in his printed works, he has spoken of his genius not only with respect but admiration. It is true that he implies that his better judgment occasionally yielded to the temptation of immediate profit, and that he sometimes sacrificed his permanent fame to fleeting popularity with the comedians and the public. But, in saying this, he says little more than Lope himself has repeatedly acknowledged; and throughout his works he speaks of him in a manner which, if Lope had possessed discernment enough to have perceived the real superiority of Cervantes, would have afforded him as much pleasure as the slight mixture of censure seems to have given him concern. The admirers, or rather worshippers, of Lope, who had christened him the Phoenix of Spain, laboured hard to crush the reputation of Cervantes. With this view, they at one time undervalued novels and romances as compositions of an inferior order, and at another lavished most extravagant encomiums on his rivals. Every invention of the kind excited their applause, but the one which really deserved it. If the sonnet published in the *Life* prefixed to *Don Quixote* of Pellicer be genuine, Cervantes was at length provoked to a more direct attack on their idol. In this sonnet, which contains a sort of play upon words, by the omission of the last syllable of each, that cannot be translated, the works of Lope are somewhat severely handled; a sonnet compiled in four languages from various authors is ridiculed, the expediency of a sponge is suggested, and he is above all advised not to pursue his *Jerusalem Conquistada*, a work upon which he was then employed. Lope, who parodied the sonnet of Cervantes, rejected his advice, and published that epic Poem, in which his failure is generally acknowledged even by his most fervent admirers. Marini, the Italian poet, must however be excepted; who, as he does not hesitate in his funeral eulogium to prefer the *Angelica* to the *Orlando Furioso*, and the novels of Lope to those of Boccace, could not decently exempt Tasso from this act of general



homage, and makes his poem bow submission to the Spanish Jerusalem Conquistada. Cervantes, though discouraged by Lope, and decried by his admirers, had moderation or prudence enough to acknowledge his merits in his *Viage del Parnasso*, and still more strongly in the prologue to his comedies. In the former, he addresses him thus:

Poeta insigne, a cuyo verso o prosa  
Ninguno le aventaja, ni aun le llega.

Distinguished bard, whom none of modern time  
Can pass or even reach in prose or rhyme.

The passage in the prologue I shall have occasion to refer to in another place, Whether these expressions of praise were the genuine sentiments of Cervantes, and whether they satisfied Lope and his friends, we cannot now ascertain. Lope had not long to contend with so formidable a rival; for Cervantes died soon after this publication, and left his enemy in full possession of the admiration of the public. How different has been the judgment of posterity on the writings of these two men! Cervantes, who was actually starving in the same street where Lope was living in splendour and prosperity, has been for two centuries the delight of every nation in Europe; and Lope, notwithstanding the late edition of his works in twenty-two volumes, is to a great degree neglected in his own.

#### HIS NUMEROUS PUBLICATIONS.

He seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press; and scarcely a month, or even a week, without producing some play upon the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse on the Nativity, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems; and rhymes, hymns and poems without number on sacred subjects evinced his zeal in the profession he embraced. Philip IV.; the great patron of the Spanish theatre, to which he afterwards is said to have contributed compositions of his own, succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1621. He found Lope in full possession of the stage, and in the exercise of unlimited authority over the authors, comedians, and audience. New honours and benefices were immediately heaped on our poet, and in all probability he wrote occasionally plays for the royal palace. He published about the same time, *Los Triunfos de la Fe*; *Las Fortunas de Diana*; three novels in prose (unsuccessful imitations of Cervantes); *Circe*, an heroic poem, dedicated to the count duke of Olivares; and *Philomena*, a singular but tiresome allegory, in the second

book of which he vindicates himself in the person of the nightingale from the accusation of his critics, who are there represented by the thrush.

Such was his reputation that he began to distrust the sincerity of the public, and seems to have suspected that there was more fashion than real opinion in the extravagance of their applause. This engaged him in a dangerous experiment, the publication of a poem without his name. But, whether the number of his productions had gradually formed the public taste to his own standard of excellence, or that his fertile and irregular genius was singularly adapted to the times, the result of this trial confirmed the former judgment of the public. His *Soliloquies to God*, though printed under a feigned name, attracted as much notice, and secured as many admirers, as any of his former productions. Emboldened probably by this success, he dedicated his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the queen of Scots, to pope Urban VIII., who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every catholic country. The cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country, for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his *Mæcenæ*, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. If his annual income was not more than fifteen hundred ducats, the profit of his plays was enormous, and Cervantes insinuates



that he was never inclined to forego any usual payment from the theatre. Montalvan estimates the amount derived from his dramatic works alone at not less than eighty thousand ducats. The presents he received from individuals are computed at ten thousand five hundred more. His application of these sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends and uncomfortable to himself. Though his devotion gradually became more fervent, it did not interrupt his poetical career. In 1630 he published the Laurel de Apolo, a poem of inestimable value to the Spanish philologists, as they are called in the jargon of our day, for it contains the names of more than three hundred and thirty Spanish poets and their works. They are introduced as claimants for the Laurel, which Apollo is to bestow; and, as Lope observes of himself that he was more inclined to panegyric than to satire, there are few or any that have not at least a strophe of six or eight lines devoted to their praise. Thus the multitude of Castilian poets, which at that time was prodigious, and the exuberance of Lope's pen, have lengthened out to a work of ten books, or sylvas, an idea which has often been imitated in other countries, but generally confined within the limits of a song. At the end of the last sylva he makes the poets give specimens of their art, and assures us that many equalled Tasso, and even approached Ariosto himself; a proof that this celebrated Spanish author concurred with all true lovers of poetical genius in giving the preference to the latter. After long disputes for the Laurel, the controversy at length ends, as controversies in Spain are apt to do, in the interference of the government. Apollo agrees to refer the question to Philip IV., whose decision, either from reserve in the judge, or from modesty in the reporter, who was himself a party concerned, is not recorded. Facts however prove that our poet could be no loser by this change of tribunal.

#### HIS DEATH.

He continued to publish plays and poems, and to receive every remuneration that adulation and generosity could bestow, till the year 1635, when religious thoughts had rendered him so hypochondriac, that he could hardly be considered as in full possession of his understanding. On the 22d of August, which was Friday, he felt himself more than usually op-

pressed in spirits and weak with age; but he was so much more anxious about the health of his soul than of his body, that he would not avail himself of the privilege to which his infirmities entitled him, of eating meat; and even resumed the flagellation, to which he had accustomed himself, with more than usual severity. This discipline is supposed to have hastened his death. He fell ill on that night, and, having passed through the necessary ceremonies with excessive devotion, he expired on Monday the 26th of August, 1635.

#### NUMBER OF HIS WORKS.

As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems,

Que no es minima parte, aunque ex exceso,  
De lo que esta por imprimir, lo impreso.

The printed part, though far too large, is less than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet, were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

As the credibility however of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his Eclogue to Claudio, that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in



metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story :\*

"His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdibieso was present and was witness of the whole; but, because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but, as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject, that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night, and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frostbitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, 'I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me.' Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and

established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and, though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed." Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all antient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together. What Lope himself says upon this subject will be most satisfactorily related in his own words, though the passages are far from poetical. Having given a list in his prologue to the *Pelegrino*, written in 1604, of three hundred and forty-three plays, in his *Arte de hacer Comedias*, published five years afterwards, he says:

Mas ninguno de todos llamar puedo  
Mas barbaro que yo, pues contra el arte  
Me atrevo à dar preceptos, y me dexo  
Llevar de la vulgar corriente, a donde  
Me llamen ignorante Italia y Francia.  
Pero que puedo hacer? si tengo escritas,  
Con una que he acabado esta semana,  
Quatrocientas y ochenta y tres comedias,  
Por que fuera de seis, las demas todas  
Pecaron contra el arte gravemente.

None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,

Who hurried by the vulgar taste along.  
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,  
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.  
But what am I to do? who now of plays,  
With one complete within these seven days,  
Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,  
And all, save six, against the rules of wit.

In the eclogue to Claudio, one of his last works, are the following curious though prosaic passages:

Pero si ahora el numero infinito  
De las fabulas comicas intento,  
Diras que es fingimiento  
Tanto papel escrito,  
Tantas imitaciones, tantas flores  
Vestidos de rhetoricos colores.

\* Montalvan's Eulogium.



Mil y quinientas fabulas admira  
Que la mayor el numero parece;  
Verdad, que desmerece  
Por parecer mentira,  
Pues mas de ciento en horas vientre quatro  
Passaron de las musas al teatro.

Should I the titles now relate  
Of plays my endless labour bore,  
Well might you doubt, the list so great,  
Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;  
Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,  
To verse reduced, in flowers of rhetoric drest.

The number of my fables told  
Would seem the greatest of them all;  
For, strange, of dramas you behold  
Full fifteen hundred mine I call;  
And full a hundred times,—within a day  
Passed from my muse upon the stage a play.

VOLUMINOUS POETS IN SPAIN.

Though Lope is the most wonderful,  
he is not the only Spanish author the  
number of whose verses approaches to a  
miracle. La Cueva mentions one who  
had written one thousand plays in four  
acts; some millions of Latin lines were  
composed by Mariner; and many hun-  
dred dramatic compositions are still ex-  
tant of Calderon, as well as of authors of  
inferior merit. It was not uncommon  
even for the nobility of Philip the Fourth's  
time to converse for some minutes in ex-  
tempore poetry; and, in carelessness of  
metre, as well as in common-place  
images, the verses of that time often re-  
mind us of the improvisatori of Italy.

HIS CORONA TRAGICA.

The *Hermosura de Angelica*, which I  
have examined above, is perhaps the  
best of his heroic poems, though during  
his life the *Corona Tragica*, his poem on  
Mary Queen of Scots, attracted more no-  
tice and secured him more praise. When  
however we consider the quarter in  
which these encomiums originated, we  
may suspect that they were bestowed on  
the orthodoxy rather than the poetry of  
the work. When Lope published it, the  
passions which religious dissension had  
excited throughout Europe had not sub-  
sided. The indiscriminate abuse of one  
sect was still sufficient to procure any  
work a favourable reception with the  
other; and the *Corona Tragica*, the sub-  
ject of which was fortunately chosen for  
such a purpose, was not deficient in that  
recommendation. Queen Elizabeth is a  
bloody Jezebel, a second Athaliah, an  
obdurate sphynx, and the incestuous  
progeny of a harpy. He tells us also in  
the preface, that any author who cen-  
sures his king and natural master is a  
perfidious traitor, unworthy and incapa-  
ble of all honours, civil or military. In  
the second book he proves himself fully

exempt from such a reproach by se-  
lecting for the topics of his praise the ac-  
tions of the Spanish monarch, which  
seem the least to admit of apology or ex-  
cuse. He finds nothing in the wisdom or  
activity of Charles V. so praise-worthy  
as his treachery to the protestants.  
Philip II., whom he almost ventures to  
censure for not murdering Queen Eliza-  
beth during her sister's reign, is most ad-  
mired for sacrificing the interest of his  
crown, the peace and prosperity of his  
dominions, at the shrine of orthodoxy:

There is no supernatural agency in  
this poem; but it has not sufficient merit  
in other respects to allow us to draw from  
its failure any argument in favour of such  
machinery. The speech of Mary when  
her sentence is announced is the only  
passage I found in it rising at all above  
mediocrity:

Gracias os debo dar, nobles varones,  
Por esta nueva desventura, dixo;  
Aunque terrible de sufrir, lastima  
Esta porcion mortal que el alma anima.

Confieso ingenyamente que si fuera  
En Francia o en Escocia con mi esposo,  
Aunque en extrema edad la nueva oyerá,  
Me diera horror el caso lastimoso.  
Mas cinco lustros de una carcel fiera,  
Donde solo escuchaba el temeroso  
Ruido de las armas circunstantes  
Y el miedo de la muerte por instantes:

¿Que genero de pena puede darla  
Mas pena que las penas en que vive  
A quien solo pudiera consolarla  
La muerte que la vida le apercibe?  
La muerte es menos pena que esperarla;  
Una vez quien la sufre la recibe;  
Pero por mucho que en valor se extreme  
Muchas veces la pasa quien la teme.

¿Que noche en mi aposento recogida  
No vi la muerte en su silencio oscuro?  
¿Que aurora amanecio de luz vestida  
Que el alma no asaltase el flaco muro?  
¿En que sustento no perdi la vida!  
¿Que lugar para mi dexo seguro  
Naturaleza, sin ponerme luego  
Veneno al labio, o a la torre fuego?

Ahora que ya veis a luz tan clara  
Llegar mi fin, carissimos amigos,  
Donde la vida en solo un golpe para  
Y de mi fe tendre tantos testigos,  
Mi firme aspecto lo interior declara  
Y libra de asechanzas y enemigos;  
La muerte esperaré, mejor dixera  
Que esperaré la vida quando muera.

Thanks for your news, illustrious lords,  
she cried;

I greet the doom that must my griefs  
decide:

Sad though it be, though sense must shrink  
from pain,

Yet the immortal soul the trial shall sus-  
tain.

But

But had the fatal sentence reach'd my ears  
 In France, in Scotland, with my husband  
 crown'd,  
 Not age itself could have allayed my fears,  
 And my poor heart had shudder'd at the  
 sound.  
 But now immur'd for twenty tedious years,  
 Where nought my listening cares can catch  
 around  
 But fearful noise of danger and alarms,  
 The frequent threat of death, and constant  
 din of arms,

Ah! what have I in dying to bemoan?  
 What punishment in death can they devise  
 For her who living only lives to groan,  
 And see continual death before her eyes?  
 Comfort's in death, where 'tis in life  
 unknown;  
 Who death expects feels more than he  
 who dies:—

Though too much valour may our fortunetry,  
 To live in fear of death is many times to die.

Where have I e'er repos'd in silent night,  
 But death's stern image stalk'd around  
 my bed?

What morning e'er arose on me with light,  
 But on my health some sad disaster bred?  
 Did Fortune ever aid my war or flight,  
 Or grant a refuge for my hapless head?

Still at my life some fearful phantom aim'd,  
 My draughts with poison drugg'd, my towers  
 with treachery flamed.

And now with fatal certainty I know  
 Is come the hour that my sad being ends,  
 Where life must perish with a single blow;  
 Then mark her death whom steadfast faith  
 attends:

My cheeks unchang'd, my inward calm  
 shall shew,

While free from foes, serene, my generous  
 friends,

I meet my death—or rather I should say,  
 Meet my eternal life, my everlasting day.

#### ANTIENT AND MODERN DRAMA.

The Greek tragedians are probably superior to all moderns, if we except Racine, in the correctness of their taste, and their equals at least in the sublimity of their poetry, and in the just and spirited delineation of those events and passions which they represent. These, however, are the merits of the execution rather than of the design; the talents of the disciple, not the excellence of the school. They prove the skill of the workman, not the perfection of the system. Without dwelling on the expulsion of the chorus (a most unnatural and inconvenient machine), the moderns, by admitting a complication of plot, have introduced a greater variety of incidents and characters. The province of invention is enlarged; new passions, or at least new forms of the same passions, are brought within the scope of dramatic poetry.

Fresh sources of interest are opened, and additional powers of imagination called into activity. Can we then deny what extends its jurisdiction and enhances its interest to be an improvement, in an art whose professed object is to stir the passions by the imitation of human actions? In saying this I do not mean to justify the breach of decorum, the neglect of probability, the anachronisms and other extravagancies of the founders of the modern theatre. Because the first disciples of the school were not models of perfection, it does not follow that the fundamental maxims were defective. The rudeness of their workmanship is no proof of the inferiority of the material; nor does the want of skill deprive them of the merit of having discovered the mine. The faults objected to them form no necessary part of the system they introduced. Their followers in every country have either completely corrected or gradually reformed such abuses. Those who bow not implicitly to the authority of Aristotle, yet avoid such violent outrages as are common in our early plays. And those who pique themselves on the strict observance of his laws, betray in the conduct, the sentiments, the characters, and the dialogue of their pieces (especially of their comedies), more resemblance to the modern than the antient theatre: their code may be Grecian, but their manners in spite of themselves are Spanish, English, or French:—they may renounce their pedigree, and even change their dress, but they cannot divest their features of a certain family likeness to their poetical progenitors. The beginning of this race of poets, like the origin of nations, is somewhat obscure. It would be idle to examine where the first play upon such a model was written; because many of the earliest dramas in every modern language are lost. But to whatever nation the invention is due, the prevalence of the modern system is in a great measure to be attributed to Spain; and perhaps more to Lope de Vega than to any other individual of that country. The number and merit of his plays, at a period when the Castilian language was generally studied throughout Europe, directed the attention of foreigners to the Spanish theatre; and probably induced them more than the works of any one writer to form their compositions upon the model which Corneille and others afterwards refined.

#### HIS RULES OF COMPOSITION.

With regard to the unities of time, he asserts



asserts that an observance of them would disgust a Spanish audience:

Que la cólera

De un Espanol sentado no se templa,  
Sino le representan en dos horas  
Hasta el final juicio desde el Genesis.

Who seated once, disdain to go away,  
Unless in two short hours they see the play  
Brought down from Genesis to judgment day. }

But though he justifies, or at least palliates, such irregularities, he considers the unity of action, and the preservation of character, as two essential requisites in a good play. In practice he had frequently neglected them, but he offers no apology for such a license in this poem. On the contrary, he enforces the observance of them by injunctions as positive as those of Boileau, or of Aristotle himself.

After some common-place maxims on the choice of the subject and the conduct of the fable, he recommends adapting the metre to the nature of the sentiments and situations, and makes some observations on the different species of Castilian verse, which are not reckoned very distinct by Spaniards, and are utterly incomprehensible to foreigners.

He is yet more particular in his rules for the length of a comedy and its component parts, and assigns some plausible arguments for dividing dramatic works into three rather than five acts. The propriety of never leaving the stage vacant, so earnestly insisted upon by later writers in France, is not omitted in Lope's art of making comedies. Nor is that the solitary instance in which his judgment has been sanctioned by subsequent critics and general practice. He enforces the necessity of adapting the scenery and the dresses to the country, times, and character of the persons represented, and ridicules with some pleasantry the ruffs of Turks and the hose of Romans, which the theatre of his day was in the habit of exhibiting. His remarks on the subject appear to us obvious, but they had then the merit of novelty as well as truth. Many years elapsed before the practice, he so judiciously recommended, was generally adopted. It prevailed indeed in Spain, though to a limited extent, at an earlier period than either in England or France. Many Castilian plays were founded on facts in their national history or fictions immediately connected with the manners of some particular age in their country. In all such pieces the respective costumes of their ancestors and countrymen were rigidly observed. Where the scene

was laid in antient times or in distant countries, the task of appropriating the dresses to the characters was not so easy, nor was the deficiency so palpable to an ignorant audience. Accordingly it was on such occasions neglected from indolence, from frugality, or from despair. Indeed, no inconsiderable stock of diligence and knowledge is requisite to carry such a practice to any perfection, as may well be inferred from the tardy progress it made for many years on the more refined and expensive theatres of Paris and London. We can all remember Macbeth in an uniform, and Alexander with powder and a ribband in his hair. The Cato of Addison originally stabbed himself in a dressing-gown and a full-bottomed wig. The general observance of the costume, which adds a fresh charm to dramatic representation, is almost an invention of our own time; and our national stage in particular is chiefly indebted for the improvement to a contemporary in whom singular accuracy of research is united to great professional success and authority.

#### HIS FABLES.

Lope was contemporary with both Shakspeare and Fletcher. In the choice of their subjects, and in the conduct of their fables, a resemblance may often be found, which is no doubt to be attributed to the taste and opinions of the times, rather than to any knowledge of each other's writings. It is indeed in this point of view that the Spanish poet can be compared with the greatest advantage to himself, to the great founder of our theatre. It is true that his imagery may occasionally remind the English reader of Shakspeare; but his sentiments, especially in tragedy, are more like Dryden and his contemporaries than their predecessors. The feelings of Shakspeare's characters are the result of passions common to all men; the extravagant sentiments of Lope's, as of Dryden's heroes, are derived from an artificial state of society, from notions suggested by chivalry and exaggerated by romance. In his delineation of character he is yet more unlike, and, it is scarce necessary to add, greatly inferior; but in the choice and conduct of his subjects, if he equals him in extravagance and improbability, he does not fall short of him in interest and variety. A rapid succession of events, and sudden changes in the situation of the personages, are the charms by which he interests us so forcibly in his plots. These are the only features of the Spanish stage which Corneille

neille left unimproved; and to these some slight resemblance may be traced in the operas of Metastasio, whom the Spaniards represent as the admirer and imitator of their theatre. In his heroic plays there is a greater variety of plot than in his comedies; though it is not to be expected that in the many hundreds he composed he should not often repeat the same situation and events. On the whole, however, the fertility of his genius, in the contrivance of interesting plots, is as surprising as in the composition of verse. Among the many I have read, I have not fallen on one which does not strongly fix the attention; and, though many of his plots have been transferred to the French and English stage, and rendered more correct and more probable, they have seldom or never been improved in the great article of exciting curiosity and interest. This was the spell by which he enchanted the populace, to whose taste for wonders he is accused of having sacrificed so much solid reputation. True it is, that his extraordinary and embarrassing situations are often as unprepared by previous events as they are unforeseen by the audience; they come upon us by surprise, and, when we know them, we are as much at a loss to account for such strange occurrences as before; they are produced, not for the purpose of exhibiting the peculiarities of character, or the workings of nature, but with a view of astonishing the audience with strange, unexpected, unnatural, and often inconsistent conduct in some of the principal characters. Nor is this the only defect in his plots. The personages, like the author, are full of intrigue and invention; and, while they lay schemes and devise plots, with as much ingenuity as Lope himself, they seem to be actuated by the same motives also; for it is difficult to discover any other than that of diverting and surprising the audience.

#### INFLUENCE OF LOPE.

But the effect of Lope's labours must not be considered by a reference to language alone. For the general interest of dramatic productions, for the variety and spirit of the dialogue, as well as for some particular plays, all modern theatres are indebted to him. Perfection in any art is only to be attained by successive improvement; and, though the last polish often effaces the marks of the preceding workman, his skill was not less necessary to the accomplishment of the work, than the hand of his more celebrated successor. This consideration will, I hope,

excuse the length of this treatise. Had Lope never written, the master-pieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe.

It seems but an act of justice to pay some honour to the memory of men whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation. Such was Lope de Vega; once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who in their literary, as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe, but their own.

#### GUILLEN DE CASTRO.

Guillen de Castro, an author, to whom the great Corneille was indebted for the general plot, and for many of the beauties of his most celebrated play, attracted little notice during his life-time, and has left few, if any, memorials of his character to satisfy the curiosity of posterity. His illustrious imitator mentions him as the original author of the *Cid*, and speaks of him with that veneration which a man of real genius is generally disposed to pay to another. This honourable testimony has failed, however, to stimulate the enquiries of the numerous French critics and commentators who have written upon that celebrated tragedy. Few of them seem to have consulted the original work; none to have ascertained the circumstances of the author's life, or the estimation in which either before or after his death he had been held by his countrymen. La Harpe calls him an imitator of Diamante, an author who did not live till half a century after him. Even Voltaire confines himself to some remarks upon the extracts subjoined to the first edition of the French *Cid*; and, though he praises in general terms the original Spanish, gives no abstract of the play, and no account whatever of Guillen de Castro.

Guillen de Castro was a contemporary of Lope, and some additional circumstances enable us to fix, with a degree of precision, the date of his plays.

Cervantes mentions him in his prologue to the Comedies, among the most successful dramatic authors of the time, and two of the dramas which Guillen de Castro has left us, are taken from stories in *Don Quixote*. It is obvious, therefore, that they were written after the year 1605, which was rendered memorable in the



annals of literature by the appearance of that inimitable work; and it is reasonable to suppose that he had published the greater part of his plays before the year 1615, when Cervantes prefixed the prologue to his Comedies.

It seems scarcely credible that more cannot be known of an author, whose name is so frequently mentioned, whose work was, in the space of a few years after its publication, imitated and commended by Corneille, and who, in the judgment of no less a man than Voltaire, is considered as the writer of the first true tragedy that had appeared in modern Europe.

#### JOVELLANOS.

Retirement was his wish, and literature his favorite pursuit; but on his liberation from prison, in 1808, he was once more unavoidably immersed in politics, and again destined to encounter the mortifications and disappointments of a public life.

In alluding to his first misfortunes, I was formerly compelled to advert to the injustice of a court, which had condemned him unheard to exile and imprisonment. It is yet more painful to reflect, that under a government struggling for independence, and meditating the establishment of a popular constitution, neither the virtues he had recently exerted, nor the character he had uniformly sustained, could protect him from vexatious calumnies and persecutions, which embittered, and perhaps shortened, the remainder of his honourable life. The history of these latter transactions is preserved in an appeal to his countrymen printed and published at La Coruna a few months before his death. He had written it during his illegal detention at Muros, in Galicia, in 1810. It consists of two parts. The first, though valuable both for information and style, relates entirely to the refutation of such charges as had been brought against the Supreme Junta, of which he had been a member. The second is devoted to the vindication of his own conduct and principles during "the last period of his public life," as he emphatically terms the two years which had elapsed since his release from confinement in 1808.

The work is such as might have been expected from such a man in such a situation. The style is equal, or even superior, to any of his former compositions. The principles he maintains, and the feelings he evinces, are of a piece with the uniform tenor of his public conduct. Though indignation at unde-

served usage has often heightened the tone of his eloquence, yet he dwells with pious delight on every trait of private friendship and generosity which the course of his narrative brings to his recollection. Indeed there breathes throughout the whole work a spirit of benevolence to his countrymen and mankind, which even the sense of recent and unmerited injury could not extinguish in his affectionate and well-regulated mind. The book is in fact a history of the two last years of his life. As allusions to his earlier occupations are occasionally interspersed in the narrative, if ever truth can be spoken without danger in Spain, some biographer may find in it materials for doing justice to the character of his countryman.

An abstract of the work would give a very imperfect idea of the merit of the composition. I subjoin a short passage to justify the praises bestowed on it, and to recommend a perusal of the whole to such of my readers as are conversant with Spanish literature.

When the Supreme Junta was dissolved at Cadiz in 1810, he determined to retire to the Asturias; but, on examining his pecuniary resources, he found his whole fortune reduced to about 100*l.* a sum inadequate to provide for the voyage and journey which he and his companion the Marquis of Campo Sagrado had contemplated. The manner in which he was extricated from so unforeseen an embarrassment is thus related.

"From this distress I was relieved by one of those men who are not called heroes, because they overturn no empires, gain no battles, and engage in no daring or ambitious adventures, but who really deserve that name for the constant exercise of those peaceable virtues which belong to their condition in life; virtues not less solid nor less arduous for flowing entirely from the pure sources of religion, honor, and benevolence, without the stimulus of vanity, or the hope of either reward or celebrity. D. Domingo Garcia de la Fuente was attached to my family from the year 1797, when I was named ambassador to Russia, where he had been before with Don Miguel de Galvez. He remained in my service during my short administration,\* and returned with me to Gijon without deriving any benefit from his place. He was with me when the gripe of despotism reached me,† and dragged me from my

\* From November 1797 to August 1798.

† 13th March, 1801.

home to the Carthusian convent of Majorca. He then resolved to follow me in my misfortunes, and he not only spontaneously accompanied me in that long and uncertain banishment, but soothed and consoled me in the deep solitudes of the monastery. When I was hurried from thence\* to be transferred to the castle of Bellvér, he voluntarily submitted to the same confinement as myself, and buried himself with me in a dungeon.— There he attended to all my concerns, assisted me in all my sufferings, bore his own, which were not slight, and endured the same harsh and insolent treatment to which I was exposed with a cheerful countenance, a kind and tender fidelity and affection.

“At the dissolution of the Supreme Junta, he was still with me; he was then first Porter to the general’s secretary’s office, and had fair prospects of retaining that situation under the regency; yet no sooner had he ascertained my intention of returning to the Asturias, than he determined on following me thither. I could not agree to this new and generous sacrifice, neither could he submit to so painful a separation without tears of regret. He could not bear, that in my embarrassed circumstances, I should have recourse to that assistance from others which he could afford me. He offered me 12,000 reals, the whole savings, most probably, of his thirteen years faithful and excellent services. He most earnestly insisted on my acceptance of them. Touched by the sincerity of his offer, I yielded to his importunity, giving him such securities as my circumstances permitted. It is now but too probable that the misfortunes which he shares with me have rendered them of no value whatever. But this was not enough. On learning that I was detained here,† and that the invasion of the Asturias had reduced me to yet further distress, he flew to my side; and at this moment my honourable creditor is waiting upon me with the same constancy and attachment, as if he were animated with the prospect of the highest remuneration. My readers, you must not censure this digression. It is dictated by gratitude, and consecrated to virtue. I am denied the means of rewarding in any other way this honest and excellent man; and take it not ill then, that I should dwell on his merits, and recommend him to your good opinion, a recompence which he has fairly

earned, and which it will not be unbecoming of you to bestow.”

Soon after he had completed his appeal, Jovellanos returned to his native place, Gijón; but on the 6th of November, 1811, the French, by a sudden incursion, again took possession of that town, and he was compelled to hurry on board a small vessel in the harbour. He was exposed for eight days to a furious storm in the bay of Biscay, his body worn out with age, sickness, and fatigue, and his mind harrassed with the most gloomy prospects for himself and his native province. He was at length landed at Puerto de Bega, a small village at six leagues from Ribadeo. But the powers of life were exhausted; he expired within forty-eight hours of his disembarkation, in the 68th year of his age.

His loss was deeply deplored, not only by Spaniards, but by all who took any interest in the literature, character, independence, or liberty of Spain. Yet who will pronounce the period of his death unfortunate? If he did not see the invaders actually expelled, he died at least in the firm persuasion that Spain would be ultimately successful in the struggle, and in the natural and happy illusion that success must ensure political liberty as well as national independence for the people, whose spirit and perseverance had obtained it. Had his life been prolonged, how bitterly would all such hopes have been disappointed! He would have found that all the sacrifices, and even the triumphs of Spain, were to be requited with the establishment of a despotism more galling, and more bigoted than that which preceded and occasioned the dreadful contest in which she was then engaged.

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THE LIFE  
OF  
WILLIAM HUTTON, F.A.S.S.  
INCLUDING  
A particular Account of  
*The Riots at Birmingham in 1791.*  
TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,  
THE HISTORY OF HIS FAMILY;  
*Written by Himself,*  
And published by his Daughter,  
CATHERINE HUTTON.  
8vo. 12s.

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[This amusing volume exhibits the triumph of industry and virtue, and the happy results of a well-spent life. Its simplicity, artlessness, and humility, may perhaps offend the pedant, or man of fashion, who sees no greatness but in the heroes

\* 5 May, 1802.

† Muros, in Galicia.



heroes of Homer, or in those leaders of trained banditti, who, under the gloss of various titles, murder unoffending nations; but, for our parts, we have accompanied our old friend in this narrative of his peaceful Journey of Life, with heartfelt pleasure; and our deliberate feeling is a fervent wish that our latter days may be like his, and that, when our race against time is ended, we may possess equal claims to the respect of posterity. In many respects this work bears a strong analogy to the recent Life of Thomas Holcroft, as far as both were written by the originals; but Mr. Hutton was a less artificial character than Mr. Holcroft, and his story therefore pleases us better. Miss Hutton, who has written the ninety-first and last year of her father's life, has kept up its interest, and rendered the whole one of the most instructive pieces of Biography, for the use of the lower and middle classes, which exists in our language. The Narrative of the Riots in Birmingham, of which Mr. Hutton was one of the victims, is a document for History; and, from this part, as being likely to be more acceptable to general readers, and as more capable of being detached from the general narrative, we have made copious extracts.]

THE AUTHOR'S MOTIVES.

**N**ONE is so able to write a Life as the person who is the subject; because his thoughts, his motives, and his private transactions, are open to him alone. But none is so unfit; for his hand, biassed in his favour, will omit, or disguise simple truth, hold out false colours, and deceive all but the writer. I have endeavoured to divest myself of this prejudice.

I must apologize to the world, should this ever come under its eye, for presenting it with a life of insignificance. I have no manœuvres, no state tricks, no public transactions, nor adventures of moment, to lay before my readers. I have only the history of an individual, struggling, unsupported, up a mountain of difficulties. And yet some of the circumstances are so very uncommon, as barely to merit belief. A similar mode of a man ushering himself into life, perhaps, cannot be met with.

If I tell unnecessary things, they are not told in unnecessary words. I have avoided prolixity.

A man cannot speak of himself without running into egotism; but I have adhered to facts.

Some writers, in speaking of them-

selves, appear in the third person; as, "*the Author, the Recorder, or the Writer of this Narrative;*" which seems rather far-fetched. I can see no reason why a man may not speak in the first, and use the simple letter *I*.

But without entering into the propriety of these methods, I have adopted the last. If I speak of myself, why not *from* myself? A rareeshow-man may be allowed to speak through a puppet, but it is needless in an author.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK.

The week of the races is an idle one among Stockingers at Nottingham. It was so with me. Five days had passed, and I had done little more than the work of four.

My uncle, who always judged from the present moment, supposed I should never return to industry. He was angry at my neglect, and observed, on Saturday morning, that, if I did not perform my task that day, he would thrash me at night. Idleness, which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came. I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present. But he had passed his word, and a man does not wish to break it. "You have not done the task I ordered!" I was silent. "Was it in your power to have done it?" Still silent. He repeated again, "Could you have done it?" As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge; for we both knew I had done near twice as much. I therefore answered in a low meek voice, "*I could.*" This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth, proved my destruction. "Then," says he, "I'll make you." He immediately brought a birch-broom handle, of white hazel, and holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and every thing mild but my uncle and me. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance.

The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause; when, after some investigation, it was said to be, "Only Hutton thrashing one of his lads." Whether the crime and the punishment were adequate, I leave to the reader to determine. He afterwards told my father that he should not have quarreled with me, but for that word. But let me ask, what word could I have substituted in its

room, unless I had meant to equivocate?

I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, made a small figure in dress, and was taken notice of by the fair sex: therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind. Pride takes a very early root in the heart, and never leaves us but with life. How should I face those whom I had often laughed at, and whipped with the rod of satire?

The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake. I thanked him with a sullen No. My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries.

Standing by the palisades of the house, in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer, said, "You were *licked* last night." The remark stung me to the quick. I had rather she had broken my head.

My fellow-apprentice, Roper, was bigger and older than I, though he came two years after me. This opaque body of ill-nature centered between my uncle and myself, and eclipsed that affection which gave pleasure to both. He staid with us three years. The two years of my servitude, before he came, were spent in great friendship with my uncle; and after he left, the same friendship returned, and continued for life.

This lad had often solicited me to run away with him; but I considered that my leaving my uncle would be a loss to him, for which I should be very sorry; and that, if I told Roper my design, he would insist upon going with me, which would double that loss. I could not bear the thought: therefore resolved to go alone, for which Roper afterwards blamed me.

I put on my hat as if going to meeting, but privately slipped up stairs till the family were gone. The whole house was now open to my inspection. Upon examining a glass in the beaufet, I found ten shillings. I took two, and left eight.

After packing up my small stock of moveables, I was at a loss how to get out of the house. There was but one door, which was locked, and my uncle had the key. I contrived, therefore, to get my chattels upon a wall, eight feet high, in a small back yard; climb up myself, drop them on the other side, and jump down after them.

While this was transacting, an acquaintance passed by. I imparted my design to him, because it was impossible to hide it, and enjoined him secrecy. He seemed to rejoice at my scheme, or rather at my fall; for, if I commit an error and he does not, he is the best of the two.

Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes; also, a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter, wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book; a new bible, value three shillings; one shirt; a pair of stockings; a sundial; my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder, rather in the style of a cock-fighter. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket; a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations.

I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance; and took, what I thought, an everlasting farewell of Nottingham.

I carried neither a light heart, nor a light load; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens, and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an out-cast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten, I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society.

I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest; but before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events! I was running from the last hand that could have saved me!

Adjoining the town is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. I need not say I was a boy, this rash action proves it. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated for rest.



I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff; deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mills before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word.

I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. To this I in some measure owe my present situation.

I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompence for the care of them.

Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge; but, finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and took a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed.

Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest; but, alas! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which, perhaps, might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short.

The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone! Terror seized me. I roared after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears. They refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my hearers dwindle with the twilight: and, by eleven o'clock, found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night.

It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the

world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, or place to rest: all the little property I had upon earth taken from me: nay, even *hope*, that last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. An eye may roll over these lines when the hand that writes them shall be still. May that eye move without a tear! I sought repose in the street, upon a butcher's block.

July 14, I inquired, early in the morning, after my property, but to as little purpose as the night before. Among others, I accosted a gentleman in a wrought night-cap, plaid gown, and morocco slippers. I told him my distress, and begged he would point out some mode of employ, that might enable me to exist. He was touched with compassion. I found it was easy to penetrate his heart, but not his pocket. "It is market-day at Walsall," said he, "yonder people are going there; your attendance upon them may be successful." I instantly put his advice in practice, and found myself in the company of a man and his servant with a waggon-load of carrots; and, also, of an old fellow and his grandson with a horse-load of cherries. We continued together to the end of the journey; but I cannot say that either pity or success was of our party.

As my feet were not used to travel, they became extremely blistered; I, therefore, rubbed them with a little beef fat, begged of a Walsall butcher, and found instant relief.

Upon application to a man who sold stockings in the market, I could learn that there were no frames in Walsall, but many in Birmingham; that he would recommend me to an acquaintance; and, if I should not succeed, there was Worcester, a little to the right, had some frames; and Coventry, a little to the left, would bring me into the stocking country.

Addison says, "There is not a *Woman* in England; that every one of the British fair has a right to the appellation of *Lady*." I wondered, in my way from Walsall to Birmingham, to see so many blacksmiths' shops; in many of them one, and sometimes two *Ladies* at work; all with smutty faces, thundering at the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I asked if the ladies in this country shod horses? but was answered, "They are nailers."

Upon Handworth heath, I had a view of Birmingham, St. Philip's Church appeared

peared first, uncrowded with houses, (for there were none to the north, New Hall excepted,) untarnished with smoke, and illuminated with a western sun. It appeared in all the pride of modern architecture. I was charmed with its beauty, and thought it then, as I do now, the credit of the place.

I had never seen more than five towns; Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Lichfield, and Walsall. The last three I had not known more than two days. The outskirts of these, and, I supposed, of others, were composed of wretched dwellings, visibly stamped with dirt and poverty. But the buildings in the exterior of Birmingham rose in a style of elegance. Thatch, so plentiful in other places, was not to be met with in this. It did not occur to my thoughts, that nine years after I should become a resident here, and thirty-nine years after should write its history!

I was surprized at the place, but more at the people. They possessed a vivacity I had never beheld. I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake. Their very step along the street shewed alacrity. Every man seemed to know what he was about. The town was large, and full of inhabitants, and these inhabitants full of industry. The faces of other men seemed tinctured with an idle gloom; but here, with a pleasing alertness. Their appearance was strongly marked with the modes of civil life.

How far commerce influences the habits of men is worthy the pen of the philosopher. The weather was extremely fine, which gave a lustre to the whole; the people seemed happy; and I the only animal out of use.

There appeared to be three stocking-makers in Birmingham. *Evans*, the old Quaker, yet in being, was the principal. I asked him, with great humility, for employ? "You are an apprentice." "Sir, I am not, but am come with the recommendation of your friend, Mr. Such-a-one, of Walsall." "Go about your business, I tell you, you are a run-away 'prentice." I retreated, sincerely wishing I had business to go about.

I waited upon *Holmes*, in Dale-end; at that moment a customer entering, he gave me a penny to get rid of me.

The third was *Francis Grace*, at the gateway, entering New-street. This man was a native of Derby, and knew my family. Fourteen years after, he bestowed upon me a valuable wife, his niece; and sixteen years after, he died,

leaving me in possession of his premises and fortune, paying some legacies.

I made the same request to Mr. Grace that I had done to others, and with the same effect. He asked after his brother at Derby. I answered readily, as if I knew. One lie often produces a second. He examined me closely; and, though a man of no shining talents, quickly set me fast. I was obliged to tell three or four lies to patch up a lame tale, which I plainly saw would hardly pass.

I appeared a trembling stranger in that house, over which, sixteen years after, I should preside. I stood like a dejected culprit by that counter, upon which, thirty-eight years after, I should record the story. I thought, though his name was Grace, his heart was rugged; and I left the shop with this severe reflection, that I had told several lies, and without the least advantage. I am sorry to digress, but must beg leave to break the thread of my narrative while I make two short remarks.

I acquired a high character for honesty, by stealing two shillings! Not altogether because I took two out of ten, but because I left the other eight. A thief is seldom known to leave *part* of his booty. If I had had money, I should not have taken any; and, if I had found none, I should not have run away. The reader will think that two shillings was a very moderate sum to carry me to Ireland.

The other is, whether lying is not laudable? If I could have consented to tell one lie to my uncle, I should not only have saved my back, my character, and my property, but also prevented about ten lies which I was obliged to tell in the course of the following week. But that Supreme Being, who directs immensity, whether he judges with an angry eye according to some Christians, or with a benign one, according to others, will ever distinguish between an act of necessity and an act of choice.

It was now about seven in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross, near Philip-street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent, oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?

About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip-street, I perceived two men



men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. "You seem," says one, "by your melancholy situation, and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money, and without friends." I assured him it was exactly my case. "If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller." "I shall receive any favour with thankfulness."

They took me to the Bell in Philip-street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer, I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three half-pence.

I did not meet with this treatment twenty-nine years after, at Market Bosworth, though I appeared rather like a gentleman. The inhabitants set their dogs at me merely because I was a stranger. Surrounded with impassable roads, no intercourse with man to humanize the mind, no commerce to smooth their rugged manners, they continue the boors of nature.

Wednesday, July 15. I could not prevail with myself to leave Birmingham, the seat of civility; but was determined to endeavour to forget my misfortunes, and myself, for one day, and take a nearer view of this happy abode of the smiling arts.

Thursday 16. I arrived early in the day at Coventry, but could get no prospect of employment. The streets seemed narrow, ill paved; the Cross, a beautiful little piece of architecture, but composed of wretched materials. The city was populous; the houses had a gloomy air of antiquity; the upper story projecting over the lower, designed, no doubt, by the architect, to answer two valuable purposes; those of shooting off the wet, and shaking hands out of the garret windows. But he forgot three evils arising from this improvement of art; the stagnation of air, the dark rooms, and the dirty streets.

I slept at the Star Inn, not as a chamber guest, but a hay-chamber one.

Friday 17. I reached Nun-Eaton, and found I had again entered the dominions of sleep. That active spirit which marks the commercial race, did not exist here. The inhabitants seemed to creep along, as if afraid the street should be seen empty. However, they had sense enough to ring the word *'prentice* in my ears, which I not only denied, but used every figure in rhetoric I was master of, to establish my argument; yet was not able to persuade them out of their pene-

tration. They still called me a boy. I thought it hard to perish because I could not convince people I was a man. I left the place without a smile, and without a dinner: perhaps it is not very apt to produce either. I arrived at Hinckley about four in the afternoon. The first question usually put was, "Where do you come from?" My constant answer was, "Derby." There is a countryman of yours," said the person, "in such a street, his name is Millward." I applied, and found I had been a neighbour to his family. He also knew something of mine. He set up the same objection that others had done, and I made the same successful reply.

He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was; and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service.

He said, if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty.

He asked if I had any money? I answered "Enough to carry me home." He was amazed, and threw out hints of crimination. I assured him he might rest satisfied upon that head, for I had brought two shillings from Nottingham. He exclaimed with emotion, "Two shillings!" This confirmed his suspicions.

Wrapped in my own innocence, I did not think my honesty worth vindicating; therefore, did not throw away one argument upon it. Truth is persuasive, and will often make its way to the heart, in its native simplicity, better than a varnished lie.

Extreme frugality, especially in the prospect of distress, composes a part of my character.

Saturday, the 18th, I thanked my friend Millward for his kindness, received nothing for my work, nor he for his civility, and we parted the friends of an hour. At noon I saw Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It was market-day. I had eight-pence remaining of my two shillings. My reader will ask, with Millward, "How I lived?" As he could not. Moralists say, "Keep desire low, and nature is satisfied with little."

little." A turnip-field has supplied the place of a cook's shop; a spring, that of a public-house; and, while at Birmingham, I knew by repeated experience, that cherries were a half-penny a pound.

I arrived at Derby at nine in the evening. My father gladly received me, and dropped a tear for my misfortunes. We agreed that he should send for my uncle early in the morning, who would probably be with us by four in the evening.

Sunday 19. My father told me that I could not have appeared before him in a more disadvantageous light, if I had said I was out of a jail: that he should think of this disagreeable circumstance every future day of his life, and that I must allow him to reprove me before my uncle.

At the time approached, he seemed greatly cast down, and invited two of my uncle's old friends to step in, and soften matters between us. But I considered that my uncle was naturally of a good temper, passion excepted; that I had left him suing for peace; that I had returned a volunteer, which carried the idea of repentance; that he must be conscious he had injured me; that he considered my service as a treasure, which he had been deprived of, and which, being found, he would rejoice at, just in proportion as he had grieved at the loss.

The two friends forgot to come. About nine my uncle entered, and shook hands with my father, for the two brothers were fond of each other. While their hands were united, my uncle turned to me, with a look of benignity, superficially covered with anger, and said, "Are not you to blame?" I was silent.

The remainder of the evening was spent agreeably; and, in the course of it, my uncle said, that if my father would make up one half of my loss, he would make up the other. My father received the proposal joyfully, and they ratified the agreement by a second shake of the hand. But, I am sorry to observe, it was thought of no more by either. I considered it peculiarly hard, that the promise to punish me was remembered, but the promise to reward me forgotten.

This unhappy ramble damped my rising spirit. I could not forbear viewing myself in the light of a fugitive. It sunk me in the eye of my acquaintance, and I did not recover my former balance for two years. It also ruined me in point of dress, for I was not able to re-assume my former appearance for five years. It ran me in debt, out of which I have never been to this day. Nov. 21, 1799.

#### LEARNS BOOK-BINDING.

1746.—An inclination for books began to expand; but here, as in music and dress, money was wanting. The first article of purchase was three volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1742, 3, and 4. As I could not afford to pay for binding, I fastened them together in a most cobbled style. These afforded me a treat.

I could only raise books of small value, and these in worn-out bindings. I learnt to patch, procured paste, varnish, &c. and brought them into tolerable order; erected shelves, and arranged them in the best manner I was able.

If I purchased shabby books, it is no wonder that I dealt with a shabby bookseller who kept his working apparatus in his shop. It is no wonder too, if by repeated visits I became acquainted with this shabby bookseller, and often saw him at work; but it is a wonder and a fact that I never saw him perform one act but I could perform it myself, so strong was the desire to attain the art.

I made no secret of my progress, and the bookseller rather encouraged me, and that for two reasons: I bought such rubbish as nobody else would; and he had often an opportunity of selling me a cast-off tool for a shilling, not worth a penny. As I was below every degree of opposition, a rivalry was out of the question.

The first book I bound was a very small one, Shakspear's *Venus and Adonis*. I shewed it to the bookseller. He seemed surprized. I could see jealousy in his eye. However, he recovered in a moment, and observed, that though he had sold me the books and tools *remarkably cheap*, he could not think of giving so much for them again. He had no doubt but I should break.

He offered me a worn-down press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I considered the nature of its construction; bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought with half a conquering smile, and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said, in anger, "If I had known, you should not have had it." However, I could see he consoled himself with the idea that all must return in the end. This proved for 42 years my best binding press.

I now purchased a tolerably genteel suit of clothes, and was so careful of them,



them, lest I should not be able to procure another, that they continued my best for five years.

HIS SETTLEMENT IN TRADE.

It was now time to look out for a future place of residence. A large town must be the mark, or there would be no room for exertion. London was thought of, between my sister and me, for I had no soul else to consult. This was rejected for two reasons. I could not venture into such a place without a capital, and my work was not likely to pass among a crowd of judges.

My plan was to fix upon some market-town, within a stage of Nottingham; and open shop there on the market-day, till I should be better prepared to begin the world at Birmingham.

I fixed upon Southwell, as the first step of elevation. It was fourteen miles distant, and the town as despicable as the road to it. I went over at Michaelmas, took a shop at the rate of twenty-shillings a year, sent a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundred weight of *trash*, which might be dignified with the name of *books*, and worth, perhaps, a year's rent of my shop. I was my own joiner, put up the shelves and their furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place.

During this rainy winter, I set out at five every Saturday morning, carried a burthen of from three pounds weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine; where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by a valuable sister.

Nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy, could have carried me through this scene.

On the 10th of April, 1750, I entered Birmingham, for the third time, to try if I could be accommodated with a small shop. If I could procure any situation, I should be in the way of procuring a better. On the 11th, I traversed the streets of Birmingham; agreed with Mrs. Dix, for the lesser half of her shop, No. 6, in Bull-street, at one shilling a week; and slept at Lichfield, in my way back to Nottingham.

On May 13th, Mr. Rudsdall, a dissenting minister of Gainsborough, with whom my sister had lived as a servant, travelling from Nottingham to Stamford,

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requested my company, and offered to pay my expences, and give me eighteen pence a day for my time. The afternoon was wet in the extreme. He asked why I did not bring my great coat? Shame forbade an answer, or I could have said I had none. The water completely soaked through my clothes, but not being able to penetrate the skin, it filled my boots. Arriving at the inn, every traveller, I found, was wet; and every one procured a change of apparel but me. I was left out, because the house could produce no more. I was obliged to sit the whole evening in my drenched garments, and to put them on nearly as wet on my return the next morning! What would I expect but destruction? Fortunately I sustained no injury.

It happened that Mr. Rudsdall now declined housekeeping, his wife being dead. He told my sister that he should part with the refuse of his library, and would sell it to me. She replied, "He has no money." "We will not differ about that. Let him come to Gainsborough; he shall have the books at his own price." I walked to Gainsborough on the 15th May, stayed there the 16th, and came back on the 17th.

The books were about two hundred pounds weight. Mr. Rudsdall gave me his corn chest for their deposit; and, for payment, drew the following note, which I signed.

"I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall, one pound seven shillings, when I am able."

Mr. Rudsdall observed, "you never need pay this note, if you only say you are not able." The books made a better shew, and were more valuable, than all I possessed beside.

I had now a most severe trial to undergo; parting with my friends, and residing wholly among strangers. May 23, I left Nottingham, and I arrived at Birmingham on the 25th. Having little to do but look into the street, it seemed singular to see thousands of faces pass, and not one that I knew. I had entered a new world, in which I led a melancholy life; a life of silence and tears. Though a young man, and rather of a cheerful turn, it was remarked, "that I was never seen to smile." The rude family into which I was cast added to the load of melancholy.

My brother came to see me about six weeks after my arrival, to whom I observed, that the trade had fully supported me. Five shillings a week covered every

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expense;

expense; as food, rent, washing, lodging, &c. Thus a solitary year rolled round, when a few young men of elevated character and sense took notice of me. I had saved about twenty pounds, and was become more reconciled to my situation. The first who took a fancy to me was Samuel Salte,\* a mercer's apprentice, who, five years after, resided in London, where he acquired 100,000*l*. He died in 1797. Our intimate friendship lasted his life.

In this first opening of prosperity, an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which gave me great uneasiness, as it threatened totally to eclipse the small prospect before me. The overseers, fearful I should become chargeable to the parish, examined me with regard to my settlement; and, with the voice of authority, ordered me to procure a certificate, or they would remove me. Terrified, I wrote to my father, who returned for answer, "That All-Saints, in Derby, never granted certificates."

I was hunted by ill nature two years. I repeatedly offered to pay the levies, which was refused. A succeeding overseer, a draper, of whom I had purchased two suits of clothes, value 10*l*. consented to take them. The scruple exhibited a short sight, a narrow principle, and the exultations of power over the defenceless.

#### RISING FORTUNES.

1756.—Robert Bage, an old and intimate friend, and a paper-maker, took me to his inn, where we spent the evening. He proposed that I should sell paper for him, which I might either buy on my own account, or sell on his by commission. As I could spare one or two hundred pounds, I chose to purchase; therefore appropriated a room for the reception of goods, and hung out a sign, —THE PAPER WAREHOUSE. From this small hint I followed the stroke forty years, and acquired an ample fortune.

#### THE RIOTS OF BIRMINGHAM IN 1791.

Birmingham, though nearly without a government, had continued in harmony during the forty years of my residence. Religious and political disputes were expiring, when, like a smothered fire, they burst forth with amazing fury. I have, in the history of this place, celebrated the mild and peaceable demeanour of the inhabitants, their industry and hospitality; but I am extremely concerned

that I am obliged to soil the fair page with the black cinders of their burnt buildings. A stranger would be tempted to inquire, whether a few *Bonnets* were not risen from the dead to establish religion by the faggot? or, whether the church was composed of the dregs of the universe, formed into a crusade? or, whether the friends of the king were the destroyers of men? In the dark ages papist went against protestant, but in this enlightened one it is protestant against protestant. But why should I degrade the word religion? He who either prompts or acts such horrid scenes, can have no religion of his own.

The delightful harmony of this populous place seems to have been disturbed by FIVE occurrences.

A public library having been instituted upon an extensive plan, some of the members attempted to vote in Dr. Priestley's polemical works, to which the clergy were averse. This produced two parties, and its natural consequence, animosity in both. Whether the gentlemen of the black gown acted with policy is doubtful, for truth never suffers by investigation.

The next was an attempt to procure a repeal of the *Test Act*, in which the dissenters took an active but a modest part. Ever well-wishers to their country, the dissenters were foremost in their quarrel with Charles the First, but they only meant a reform of abuses. Matters, however, were soon carried beyond their intention, and they lost their power. They who brought him into trouble, tried to bring him out. They were afterwards the first to place his son, Charles the Second, upon the throne, who requited them evil for good. After suffering various insults from the house of Stuart, the dissenters were materially instrumental in promoting the revolution, and upon this depended the introduction of the Hanoverian line, which, to a man, they favoured. In a thousand mobs, in 1714, to oppose the new government, could have been found no more presbyterians than in the Birmingham jury who tried the rioters. Nor was their one presbyterian in the rebellion the following year, nor in that of 1745. In both periods they armed in favour of the house of Brunswick. Their loyalty has continued unshaken to the present day, without their ever having been disturbers of their country. They concluded, therefore, that they had a right to the privileges of other subjects. They meant no more. Those who charge them with designs either against church or state, do not know

\* This worthy man was the son of a poor widow, of Measham, and tended cows in a green lane; but was put out apprentice by the late venerable Mr. Abney, for a premium of 5*l*.—ED.



know them. No accusation ought to be admitted without proof. Can that people be charged with republicanism, who have, in the course of one hundred and thirty-two years, placed five sovereigns on the British throne? As I was a member of that committee, I was well acquainted with the proceedings, and will repeat two expressions uttered at the board. Mr. William Hunt remarked, "That he should be as strenuous in supporting the church of England as his own." The whole company, about twenty in number, acquiesced in the sentiment. This gentleman verifies his assertion, by subscribing to more than one church. I myself remarked, "That what we requested was our right, as well as that of every subject; we ought to recover it; but, rather than involve our country in dispute, we would resign it." This also was echoed by the whole body. These were all the presbyterian plots either against church or king I ever knew. Hence it appears, that presbyterians are as true friends to both as any set of men whatever, except those who hold church lands or court favours.

Controversy was a *third* cause. Some uncharitable expressions falling from the episcopal pulpits, involved Dr. Priestley in a dispute with the clergy. When acrimony is used by two sides, the weakest is only blameable. To dispute with the doctor was deemed the road to preferment. He had already made two bishops, and there were still several heads which wanted mitres, and others who cast a more humble eye upon tithes and glebe lands. The doctor on his part used some warm expressions, which his friends wished had been omitted. These were placed in horrid lights; and here again the stronger side ever reserves to itself the privilege of putting what construction it pleases upon the words of the weaker. However, if the peace of society is broken, we cannot but regret it, whatever be the cause.

The *fourth* occurrence was an inflammatory hand-bill, which operated upon the mind like a pestilence upon the body. Wherever it touched it poisoned. Nothing could be more unjust than charging this bill upon the dissenters; and, in consequence, dooming them to destruction. It appears from its very contents that it could not proceed from a *body*. If it was fabricated by a dissenter, is it right to punish the whole body with fire and plunder? This is visiting the sins of one man upon another. An established maxim is, a man shall only be accounta-

ble for his *own*. It might be written by an incendiary of another profession, to kindle a flame. Perhaps the unthinking fell upon the dissenters, because they were vexed they could not find the author. I have been tempted to question whether he meant any more than a squib to attract public attention; but it proved a dreadful one, which burnt our houses.\*

The *fifth* was a public dinner at the hotel, to commemorate the anniversary of the French revolution. This, abstractedly considered, was an inoffensive meeting. It only became an error by being ill-timed. As the minds of men were ruffled, it ought to have been omitted. Though a man is justified in doing what is right, it may not always be prudent. We may rejoice with any society of men who were bound and are set free; but the French revolution is more their concern than ours. I do not approve all its maxims, neither do I think it firmly fixed. One of its measures however I admire, that of establishing itself without the axe and the halter, a practice scarcely known in revolutions. Should a prince and his people differ, the chief passion it would excite in me, would be a desire to make peace between them. To our everlasting dishonour, more mischief was done in the Birmingham riots than in overturning the whole French government.

Although the public are in possession of the *toasts* drunk at the hotel, I shall subjoin them. The company out of respect to monarchy, had procured from an ingenious artist three figures, which were placed upon the table. One, a fine medallion of the king, encircled with glory: on his right, an emblematical figure, representing British Liberty; on the left another, representing Gallic Slavery breaking its chains. These innocent and loyal devices were ruinous; for a spy, whom *I well know*, was sent into the room, and assured the people without, "That the revolutionists had cut off the king's head, and placed it on the table." Thus a man, with a keen belief, like one with a keen appetite, is able to swallow the grossest absurdities.

1. The King and Constitution.
2. The National Assembly, and Patriots of France, whose virtue and wisdom have raised twenty-six millions from the meanest condition of despotism to the dignity and happiness of freemen.

\* It appeared afterwards that it was fabricated in London, brought to Birmingham, and that a few copies were privately scattered under the table at an inn.

3. The Majesty of the People.
4. May the Constitution of France be rendered perfect and perpetual.
5. May Great Britain, France, and Ireland, unite in perpetual friendship; and may their only rivalry be, the extension of peace and liberty, wisdom and virtue.
6. The rights of man. May all nations have the wisdom to understand, and courage to assert and defend them.
7. The true friends of the Constitution of this country, who wish to preserve its spirit by correcting its abuses.
8. May the people of England never cease to remonstrate till their parliament becomes a true national representation.
9. The Prince of Wales.
10. The United States of America; may they for ever enjoy the liberty which they so honourably acquired.
11. May the revolution in Poland prove the harbinger of a more perfect system of liberty extending to that great kingdom.
12. May the nations of Europe become so enlightened as never more to be deluded into savage wars by the ambition of their rulers.
13. May the sword never be unsheathed but for the defence and liberty of our country; and then, may every one cast away the scabbard till the people are safe and free.
14. To the glorious memory of Hampden, Sidney, and other heroes of all ages and nations, who have fought and bled for liberty.
15. To the memory of Dr. Price, and all those illustrious sages who have enlightened mankind in the true principles of civil society.
16. Peace and good-will to all mankind.
17. Prosperity to the town of Birmingham.

18r A happy meeting to the friends of liberty on the 14th of July, 1792.

The sum total of the above toasts amounts to this—a solicitude for the perfect freedom of man, arising from a love to the species. If I were required to explain the words *freedom* and *liberty* in their full extent, I should answer in these simple words, *that each individual think and act as he pleases, provided no other is injured.*

The fatal 14th of July was now arrived; a day that will mark Birmingham with disgrace for ages to come. The laws had lost their protection, every security of the inhabitants was given up, the black fiends of hell were whistled together, and let loose for unmerited destruction. She has reason to keep *that* anniversary in sackcloth and ashes. About eighty persons of various denominations dined together at the hotel. During dinner, which was short, perhaps from three to five o'clock, the infant mob collected under the auspices of a

few in elevated life, began with hooting, crying *Church and King*, and broke the hotel windows.

As Mr. Chillingworth walked by the hotel early in the afternoon of the 14th, twenty or thirty people were assembled, all quiet: he heard one of the town-beadles say to another, "This will be such a day as we never saw." "Why so?" says Chillingworth. After repeated inquiries, one of them replied, "The gentlemen will not suffer this treatment from the presbyterians; they will be pissed on no longer." The beadles could not make this remark without having heard hostile expressions fall from the gentlemen, which proves a preconceived plan.

It was now between eight and nine, the numbers of the mob were increased, their spirits were inflamed. Dr. Priestley was sought for, but he had not dined at the hotel. The magistrates who had dined at the Swan, a neighbouring tavern, by way of counterbalance, hozaed *Church and King*, waving their hats, which inspired fresh vigour into the mob, so that they verily thought and often declared, they acted with the *approbation* at least of the higher powers, and that what they did was right. The windows of the hotel being broken, a gentleman said, "You have done mischief enough *here*, go to the meetings." A simple remark, and almost without a precise meaning, but it involved a dreadful combination of ideas. There was no need to say, "Go and burn the meetings." The mob marched down Bull-street under the smiles of magistrates. It has been said that these were compelled to echo the cry of the multitude, but it is not wholly true.

The New Meeting was broken open without ceremony; the pews, cushions, books, and pulpit were dashed to pieces; and, in half an hour, the whole was in a blaze, while the savage multitude rejoiced at the view.

The Old Meeting was the next mark of the mob. This underwent the fate of the New: and here again a system seems to have been adopted, for the engines were suffered to play upon the adjoining houses to prevent their taking fire, but not upon the meeting-house, which was levelled with the ground.

The mob then undertook a march of more than a mile, to the house of Dr. Priestley, which was plundered and burnt without mercy, the doctor and his family barely escaping. Exclusive of the furniture, a very large and valuable library



library was destroyed, the collection of a long and assiduous life.

But the greatest loss that Dr. Priestley sustained, was in the destruction of his philosophical apparatus, and his remarks. These can never be replaced. I am inclined to think he would not have destroyed his apparatus and manuscripts for any sum of money that could have been offered him. His love to man was great, his usefulness greater. I have been informed by the faculty that his experimental discoveries on air, applied to medical purposes, have preserved the lives of thousands; and, in return, he can scarcely preserve his own.

Breaking the windows of the hotel, burning the two meeting-houses, and Dr. Priestley's, finished the dreadful work of Thursday night. To all this I was a perfect stranger, for I had left the town early in the evening, and slept in the country.

When I arose the next morning, July 15, my servant told me what had happened. I was inclined to believe it only a report; but, coming to the town, I found it a melancholy truth, and matters wore an unfavourable aspect, for one mob cannot continue long unactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour, though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion. As the danger admitted of no delay, I gave this short answer: "Apply to the magistrates, and request four things. To swear in as many constables as are willing, and arm them; to apply to the commanding officer of the recruiting parties for his assistance; to apply to Lord Beauchamp to call out the militia in the neighbourhood; and to write to the Secretary at War for a military force." What became of my four hints is uncertain, but the result proved they were lost.

Towards noon a body of near a thousand attacked the mansion of my friend John Ryland, Esq. at Easy-hill. He was not at the dinner. Every room was entered with eagerness; but the cellar, in which were wines to the amount of 300*l.*, with ferocity. Here they regaled till the roof fell in with the flames, and six or seven lost their lives. I was surprised at this rude attack, for I considered Mr. Ryland as a friend to the whole human race. He had done more public business than any other within my knowledge, and not only without a reward, but without a fault. I thought an obelisk ought rather to have been raised to

his own honour, than his house burnt down to the disgrace of others.

About this time a person approached me in tears, and told me, "my house was condemned to fall." As I had never, with design, offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man's enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me. But I drew from fair premises false conclusions. My fellow-sufferers had been guilty of *one* fault, but I of *two*. I was not only a dissenter, but an active commissioner in the Court of Requests. With regard to the first, my sentiments were never rigid. There seems to me as much reason to allow for a difference of opinion as of face. Nature never designed to make two things alike. Whoever will take the trouble to read my works, will neither find a persecuting, disloyal, or republican thought. In the office of commissioner, I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view: to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expence to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was, *I never could find a way to let both parties win*. If ninety-nine were content, and *one* was not, that one would be more solicitous to injure me than the ninety-nine to serve me.

About noon also some of my friends advised me "to take care of my goods, for my house must come down." I treated the advice as ridiculous, and replied, "That was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs. I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty waggons could not carry off my stock in trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and, if they could, where must I deposit it?" I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine.

All business was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength were added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New-street to disperse; when one, whom I well knew, said, "Do not disperse,

disperse, they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house, I will give you two guineas to drink, for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the Court." The bargain was instantly struck, and my building fell.

About three o'clock they approached me. I expostulated with them. "They would have 'money.'" I gave them all I had, even to a single half-penny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more, "nor would they submit to this treatment," and began to break the windows, and attempted the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. "We will have some drink." "You shall have what you please if you will not injure me." I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in a half an hour I found an ale-score against me of 329 gallons.

About five this evening, Friday, I had retreated to my house at Bennet's Hill, where, about three hours before, I had left my afflicted wife and daughter, and had seen a mob at Mr. Tukes's house in my road. I found that my people had applied to a neighbour to secure some of our furniture, who refused; to a second, who consented; but, another shrewdly remarking that he would run a hazard of having his own house burnt, a denial was the consequence. A third request was made, but cut short with a *no*. The fourth man consented, and we emptied the house into his house and barn. Before night, however, he caught the terror of the neighbourhood, and ordered the principal part of the furniture back, and we were obliged to obey.

At midnight I could see from my house the flames of Bordsley Hall rise with dreadful aspect. I learned that after I quitted Birmingham the mob attacked my house there three times. My son bought them off repeatedly; but, in the fourth, which began about nine at night, they laboured till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times, with intent to fire the house, but, by some humane foot, was kicked out. At my return I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and faggots, covered with about three

hundred weight of coal, in an under kitchen, ready for lighting.

The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows to complete their destruction; and those pieces which survived the fall, were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners stationed below for that service. Flushed with this triumphant exercise of lawless power, the words, "Down with the Court of Conscience!" "No more ale-scores to be paid!" were repeated. A gentleman remarked to the grand slaughterers of my goods. "You'll be hanged as the rioters were in 1780." "O damn him," was the reply, "He made me pay fifteen shillings in the Court of Conscience." This remark was probably true, for that diabolical character which would employ itself in such base work, was very likely to cheat another of fifteen shillings, and I just as likely to prevent him.

Burning Mr. Ryland's house at Easy Hill, Mr. Taylor's at Bordesly, and the destruction of mine at Birmingham, were the work of Friday the 15th.

Saturday the 16th was ushered in with fresh calamities to myself. The triumphant mob, at four in the evening, attacked my premises at Bennet's Hill, and threw out the furniture I had tried to save. It was consumed in three fires, the marks of which remain, and the house expired in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men. One female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but, returning, saw the coach-house and stable unhurt, and exclaimed with the decisive tone of an Amazon, "Damn the coach-house, is not that down yet! We will not do our work by halves." She instantly brought a lighted faggot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes.

The beautiful and costly mansion of George Humphreys, Esq. was the next victim. He had prepared for a vigorous defence, and would most certainly have been victorious, for he had none but rank cowards to contend with: but female fears overbalanced manly courage. One pistol, charged with powder, sent them away; and though they returned in greater numbers, one blunderbuss would have banished them for ever. His house was sacked, and the internal parts destroyed.

The next sacrifice was the house of William Russell, Esq. at Showell Green. He had prepared men, arms, ammunition,



tion, and a determined resolution for defence; but, finding his auxiliaries rotten, he gave up his house and its contents to the flames.

The house of Thomas Russell, Esq., and that of Mr. Hawkes at Moseley-Wake Green, were the next attacked. They were plundered and greatly injured, but not burnt. To be a Dissenter was a crime not to be forgiven, but a rich Dissenter merited the extreme of vengeance.

Moseley Hall, the property of John Taylor, Esq. and inhabited by Lady Carhampton, mother to the Duchess of Cumberland, was not to be missed. Neither the years of this lady, being blind with age, nor her alliance to the crown, were able to protect it. She was ordered by the mob to remove her furniture, and told, if she wanted help, they would assist her; but that the mansion must not stand. She was therefore, like Lot, hastened away before the flames arose, but not by angels.

As riches could not save a man, neither poverty. The mob next fell upon a poor but sensible Presbyterian parson, the Rev. John Hobson, of Balsall Heath, and burnt his all.

From the house of Mr. Hobson, the intoxicated crew proceeded to that of William Piddick at King's Heath, inhabited by an inoffensive blind man, John Harwood, a Baptist; and this ended their work on Saturday the 16th, in which were destroyed eight houses, exclusive of Mr. Coates's, which was plundered and damaged.

With regard to myself, I felt more resentment than fear; and would most willingly have made one, even of a small number, to arm and face them. My family, however, would not suffer me to stay in Birmingham, and I was, on Saturday morning the 16th, obliged to run away like a thief, and hide myself from the world. I had injured no man, and yet durst not face man. I had spent a life in distributing justice to others, and now wanted it myself. However fond of home, and whatever were my comforts there, I was obliged, with my family, to throw myself upon the world without money in my pocket.

We stopped at Sutton Coldfield, and, as we had no abode, took apartments for the summer. Here I fell into company with a clergyman, a lawyer, a country squire, and two other persons, who all lamented the proceedings at Birmingham, perhaps through fear, they being in its vicinity, and blamed Dr.

Priestley as the cause. I asked what he had done? "He has written such letters! Besides, what shameful healths were drunk at the hotel." As I was not at the dinner, I could not speak of the healths; but I replied, "If the Doctor, or any one else, had broken the laws of his country, those laws were open to punish him, but the present mode of revenge was detested even by savages." We left our argument, as arguments are usually left by disputants, where we found it.

Things passed on till the evening, when the mistress of the house was seized with the fashionable apprehensions of the day, and requested us to depart, lest her house should be burnt. We were obliged to pack up, which was done in one minute, for we had only the clothes which covered us, and roll on to Tamworth.

I asked the people at the Castle Inn whether they knew me? They answered in the negative. I had now a most painful task to undergo. "Though I have entered your house," said I, as a common guest, I am a desolate wanderer, without money to pay, or property to pledge." The man who had paid his bills during sixty-eight years, must have been sensibly touched to make this declaration. If he had feelings, it will call them forth. Their countenance fell on hearing it. I farther told them I was known to Mr. Robert Bage, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom I would request to pay my bill. My credit rose in proportion to the value of the name mentioned. Myself, my wife, son, and daughter, passed the night at the Castle in Tamworth.

We now enter upon Sunday the 17th. I rose early, not from sleep, but from bed. The lively sky, and bright sun, seemed to rejoice the whole creation, and dispel every gloom but mine. I could see through the eye of every face, that serenity of mind which I had lost.

As the storm in Birmingham was too violent to last, it seemed prudent to be near the place, that I might embrace the first opportunity of protecting the wreck of a shattered fortune. We moved to Castle Bromwich.

Ranting, roaring, drinking, burning, is a life of too much rapidity for the human frame to support. Our black sovereigns had now held it nearly three days and nights, when nature called for rest; and the bright morning displayed the fields, roads, and hedges, lined with friends and brother church-men, dead drunk. There were, however, enough awake

awake to kindle new fires. On Saturday the 17th they bent their course to Wharstock, a single house, inhabited by Mr. Cox, and licensed for public worship, which, after emptying the cellar, they burnt.

Penetrating one mile farther, they arrived at Kingswood meeting-house, which they laid in ashes. This solitary place had fallen by the hand of violence in the beginning of George the First, for which a person of the name of *Dollax* was executed, and from him it acquired the name of *St. Dollax*, which it still bears. He was the first person who suffered after passing the Riot Act.

Three hundred yards beyond, they arrived at the parsonage-house, which underwent the same fate.

Perhaps they found the parish of King's Norton too barren to support a mob in affluence; for they returned towards Birmingham, which, though dreadfully sacked, yet was better furnished with money, strong liquors, and various other property. King's Norton is an extensive manor belonging to the king, whose name they were advancing upon the walls, whose honour they were augmenting by burning three places of worship in his manor, and by destroying nine houses, the property of his peaceable tenants.

The Wednesbury colliers now assembled in a body, and marched into Birmingham, to join their brethren under *church and king*: but, finding no mob in the town, they durst not venture upon an attack, but retreated in disappointment. As they could not, however, return with a safe conscience without mischief, they attacked Mr. Male's house, at Belle Vue, six miles from the town; but he, with that spirit which ought to have animated us, beat them off.

I could not refrain from going to take a view of my house at Bennett's Hill, above three miles distant from Castle Bromwich. Upon Washwood Heath I met four waggons, loaded with Lady Carhampton's furniture, attended by a body of rioters, with their usual arms, as protectors. I passed through the midst of them, was known, and insulted, but kept a sullen silence. The stupid dunces vociferated, "No popery! Down with the Pope!" forgetting that presbyterians were never remarkable for favouring the religion of that potentate. In this instance, however, they were ignorantly right; for I consider myself a true friend to the Roman Catholics, and to every peaceable profession, but not to the spiritual power of any; for this, instead of

humanizing the mind, and drawing the affections of one man towards another, has bound the world in fetters, and set at variance those who were friends.

I saw the ruins yet burning of that once happy spot, which had, for many years, been my calm retreat; the scene of contemplation, of domestic felicity; the source of health and contentment. Here I had consulted the dead, and attempted to amuse the living. Here I had exchanged THE WORLD for my little family.

Perhaps fifty people were enjoying themselves upon those ruins where I had possessed an exclusive right, but I was now viewed as an intruder. The prejudiced vulgar, who never inquire into causes and effects, or the true state of things, fix the idea of criminality upon the man who is borne down by the crowd, and every foot is elevated to kick him. My premises, laid open by ferocious authority, were free to every trespasser, and I was the only person who did not rejoice in the ruins. It was not possible to retreat from that favourite place without a gloom upon the mind, which was the result of ill-treatment, by power without right. This excited a contempt of the world.

Returning to Castle Bromwich, the same rioters were at the door of the inn, and I durst not enter. Thus the man, who, for misconduct, merited the halter, could face the world; and I, who had not offended, was obliged to skulk behind hedges. Night came on. The inhabitants of the village surrounded me, and seemed alarmed. They told me it was dangerous to stay among them, and advised me *for my own safety* to retreat to Stonnal. Thus I found it as difficult to procure an asylum for myself, as, two days before, I had done for my goods. I was avoided as a pestilence; the waves of sorrow rolled over me, and beat me down with multiplied force; every one came heavier than the last. My children were distressed. My wife, through long affliction, ready to quit my own arms for those of death; and I myself reduced to the sad necessity of humbly begging a draught of water at a cottage! What a reverse of situation! How thin the barriers between affluence and poverty! By the smiles of the inhabitants of Birmingham I acquired a fortune; by an astonishing defect in our police I lost it. In the morning of the 15th I was a rich man; in the evening I was ruined. At ten at night, on the 17th, I might have been found leaning on a mile-stone upon  
Sutton



Sutton Coldfield, without food, without a home, without money, and, what is the last resort of the wretched, without hope. What had I done to merit this severe calamity? Why did not I stay at home, oppose the villains at my own door, and sell my life at the dearest rate! I could have destroyed several before I had fallen myself. This may be counted rash; but unmerited distress, like mine, could operate but two ways: a man must either sink under it, or become desperate.

While surrounded by the gloom of night, and the still greater gloom which oppressed the mind, a person seemed to hover about me who had evidently some design. Whether an honest man or a knave gave me no concern; for I had nothing to lose but life, which I esteemed of little value. He approached nearer with seeming diffidence. "Sir, is not your name Hutton?" "Yes." "I have good news. The light-horse, some time ago, passed through Sutton, in their way to Birmingham." As I had been treated with nine falsehoods for one truth, I asked his authority. He replied, "I saw them." This arrival I knew would put a period to plunder. The inhabitants of Birmingham received them with open arms, with illuminations, and viewed them as their deliverers.

We left the mob towards evening on Sunday the 17th, returning from King's Norton. They cast a glance upon the well-stored cellar and valuable plunder of Edgbaston Hall, the residence of Dr. Withering, who perhaps never heard a presbyterian sermon, and yet is as amiable a character as he who has. Before their work was completed, the words *light-horse* sounded in their ears; when this formidable banditti mouldered away, no soul knew how, and not a shadow of it could be found.

Exclusive of the devastations above-mentioned, the rabble did numberless mischiefs. The lower class among us, long inured to fire, had now treated themselves with a full regale of their favourite element. If their teachers are faithful to their trust, they will present to their idea another powerful flame in reversion.

Next morning, Monday the 18th, I returned to Birmingham, to be treated with the sad spectacle of another house in ruins. Every part of the mutilated building declared that the hand of violence had been there.

My friends received me with joy; and though they had not fought for me, they

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had been assiduous in securing some of my property, which, I was told, "had paved half the streets in Birmingham."

ROBERT BAGE.

The second occurrence of 1801 was the loss of my worthy friend Robert Bage, whom I had known 60 years, and with whom I had lived upon the most intimate terms of friendship during 51; a person of the most extraordinary parts, and who has not left behind him a man of more honour or generosity. I have lost my oldest friend. He died September 1. Mr. Bage was the author of *Mount Heneth, Barham Downs, James Wallace, The Fair Syrian, Man as he is, and Man as he is not*; all much favoured by the world, I wrote, by public desire, the memoirs of his life, which were published in the *Monthly Magazine* for December 1801.

HIS JOURNEY TO THE ROMAN WALL,

DESCRIBED BY MISS HUTTON,

in a *Letter to Samuel Jackson Pratt, Esq.*

Dear Sir,—Our Summer excursion in 1801 was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the *Roman Wall*; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fire-side every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last.

When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part; the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or *after* mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself.

I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: my father informed himself at a night how he could get out of the house the next morning before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds.

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My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot, or on horseback, not even through a town. The only time I ever did walk with him, was through the streets of Warrington, and then, of my own accord, I kept a little behind, that I might not influence his step. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour.

When the horse, on which I rode, saw my father before him, he neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder.

My father delivered all his money to me before we left home, reserving only a few pieces of loose coin, in case he should want on the road. I paid all bills, and he had nothing to do but walk out of an inn when he found himself sufficiently refreshed.

My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the *Wall*, that he turned neither to the right nor the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ullswater he saw, because they lay under his feet, but nothing could detain him from his grand object.

When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast and parted, with a tear half suppressed on my father's side, and tears, not to be suppressed, on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned westward for *Keswick*. After a few days' stay there, I went back to *Hest Bank*, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where we had appointed to meet.

While I remained at *Hest Bank*, I received two scraps of paper, torn from my father's pocket-book; the first dated from Carlisle, July 20, in which he told me he was sound in body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. The second, from Newcastle, July 23, when he informed me he had been at the *Wall's* end; that the weather was so hot he was obliged to repose under hedges, and that the country was infested with thieves. But, lest I should be under any apprehensions for his personal safety, he added, they were only such as demolished his idol, *The Wall*, by stealing the stones of which it was composed.

On the fifth morning after my arrival at *Hest Bank*, before I was up, I heard my father hem! on the stairs. I answered by calling out Father! which directed him to my room, and a most joyful meeting ensued. He continued here four days, wondered at, and respected by, the company. We set out on our return home in the same manner as before, and reached it in safety.

During the whole journey, I watched my father with a jealous eye. The first symptom of fatigue I observed was at Budworth in Cheshire, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then on pavement road. At Liverpool his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired; but, having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drank when he could get it: ale and spirits never. He mixed his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage.

From the time we parted at Penrith, till we reached home, the weather was intensely hot. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within; his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we arrived at Wolsley bridge, on our return, I was terribly alarmed at this, and thanked God he had but one more day to walk. When we had got within four days of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little farther to go, the foot would fairly have knocked up the horse! The pace he went did not even fatigue his shoes. He walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.

#### HIS OBSERVATIONS AT FOURSORE.

Having arrived at fourscore, allow me to state some of the feelings attendant upon that advanced age.

I am strongly attached to old habits and old fashions, even though absurd. Instead of longing for a new coat, I part with an old one as with an old friend.

I forget some lessons, and cannot learn others. One lesson however I must learn, to eat without teeth.



The farther we advance in years, the more we are affected with both heat and cold. In early life our feelings are but little influenced by either.

I can better remember the transactions of seventy years, than of yesterday: pour liquor into a full vessel, and the top will run off first. Perhaps I can recollect being in a thousand companies, every person which composed them is now departed except myself. Upon whatever family I cast a distant eye, I remark in that family a generation is sprung into life, passed through the bloom of the day, and sunk into the night. My old friends have slipped off the stage, and I am as unfit to unite with new, as new cloth old. Thus I am become a stranger to the world which I have long known.

As age increases, sleep decreases; when a child in health enters upon life, it can sleep twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours. Its sleep will diminish about three hours upon the average every year during the next three, when activity will enable it to nurse itself. That reduction will afterwards be nearly one hour every ten years, till he arrives at eighty, when four or five will be his hours of sleep.

It is curious to contemplate the fluctuation of property. I have seen the man of opulence look with disdain upon a pauper in rags. I have seen that pau-

per mount the wheel of fortune, and the other sink to the bottom. I have seen a miserable cooper not worth the shavings he made, place his son to a banker, and his son become a rich banker, a member of parliament, and a baronet.

## HIS WORKS.

The History of Birmingham	1781
Journey to London	1784
The Court of Requests	1787
The Hundred Court	1788
History of Blackpool	1788
Battle of Bosworth Field	1789
History of Derby	1790
The Barbers, a Poem	1793
Edgar and Elfrida, a Poem	1793
The Roman Wall	1801
Remarks upon North Wales	1801
Tour to Scarborough	1803
Poems, chiefly Tales	1804
Trip to Coatham	1808

## HIS FINAL OBSERVATIONS.

1812.—In 1742 I attended divine service at Castle Gate meeting, in Nottingham. The minister, in elucidating his subject, made this impressive remark: that it was very probable, in sixty years, every one of that crowded assembly would have descended into the grave. Seventy years have elapsed, and there is more reason to conclude that I am the only person left.

This day, October 11th, is my birthday. I enter upon my ninetieth year, and have walked ten miles.

## HALF-YEARLY RETROSPECT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

## ARCHÆOLOGY.

*Monumens Anciens et Modernes de l'Hindoustan, &c.*

*The Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan, described under Archæological and Picturesque Points of View; to which is prefixed an Essay on the Religion, Legislation, and Manners of the Hindoos, and Geographical and Historical Notices in India. By L. Langlès. Vol. II. in folio. 59 plates.*

IT is with pleasure we hail the completion of a volume of this magnificent and valuable work, which places the author in the very first line of archæological and historical writers. The undertaking was immense, and calculated to inspire alarm and apprehension in the

mind of any one endowed with less extensive abilities than M. Langlès. It required no less than a profound knowledge of the Sanscrit, the Persian, and the Arabic, and the principal living languages of Europe, as the French, English, Italian, German, and Danish; and, after all, the acquisition of those various tongues formed only the keys to the various cabinets of information. It required besides, therefore, the official situation of M. Langlès as Librarian of the richest collection of oriental MSS. in existence, at least in Europe; and that thirst of knowledge, seconded by a liberal fortune, which induced him to acquire, without any regard to the expence, whatever was published in any language relative to India; and his private collection

of printed books and oriental manuscripts may boldly claim precedence of any other private collection in the world. M. Langlès was therefore, perhaps, the only person who would with propriety have undertaken the present work; for he possessed all the materials accessible to others, with many entirely peculiar to himself.

We observe that this is the second volume of the work: it may appear singular that the *second* should appear before the *first*; it is, however, a case not without example, as we recollect the late Dr. Horsley published his *Mathematics* in a similar manner, and he had not the same reasons as the Chevalier Langlès. The *Monuments of Hindostan* are published in parts; the text of which is composed of two parts, the archæological and picturesque, and the geographical and historical, paged separately. Of the former sections a volume is now completed, and published accordingly. In the preface to it, M. L. notices his reasons for thus publishing the second before the first.

The work opens with a description of the palace of Madhoureh (Madura) from English, French, and Danish authorities. M. Langlès has long emitted an idea, which still divides the literary world, and has been strongly contested by M. Testa and M. Visconti. M. L. in his vast researches, has been led to doubt of the boasted antiquity of the Hindoos. The study of the oriental languages first led him to discover the affinity between the Ethiopians and the Hindoos; and the minute examination of the monuments of Hindoostan has confirmed him in the idea. Here we have a monument partly Saracen. There is a zodiac in the ceiling of the palace; and it is found that the zodiac, sculptured on the ceiling of the Temple of Esne in Egypt, appears to be nearly contemporary with that of Madhoureh. The vernal equinox in both is in Gemini, and the summer solstice in Virgo. The zodiac in the city of Denderah has the summer solstice in Leo, which gives to the two former an antiquity of 6000, and to the latter 2000 years.

"The custom which appears to have been common to the ancient Indians and Egyptians, of placing zodiacs in the ceilings of their temples, supports the conformity which our astronomers have discovered between the position of the signs of the zodiac of Esné and that of *Verdy-Pettah*."

In describing the grand pagoda of

Tanjaour, the learned author again refers to the affinity between the monuments India and Egypt.

"The situation of this apartment (where the religious ceremonies were performed) in the center of the edifice, and the use to which it is consecrated by the Brahmins, are circumstances on which I have already insisted in another work, to justify the conformity which appears to me to exist between the pagodas of the Hindoos and the pyramids of the Egyptians. These latter, I hesitate not to repeat, were heliacal (astronomical or solar) monuments, and not tombs, notwithstanding the coffins which the Arabs pretend to have found in them. What in fact would be the error of our descendants, if they judged of the destination of our churches from the sepulchres and bones they might discover in digging in these sacred edifices? We may add, that the stone trough, placed in the principal chamber of the grand pyramid, and which travellers have regarded as a sarcophagus, is placed *horizontally*, while, if we may judge from the observations of Greek and Latin authors, and the discoveries of our modern travellers, prejudices, and perhaps even religious precepts, seem to have made it a law with the Egyptians to place all their dead perpendicularly."

It is by such learned disquisitions, where the knowledge of different subjects reflect reciprocal light on each other, that the work of the Chevalier Langlès distinguishes itself from the productions of those whose ideas are confined to the subject before them, and whose learning does not permit them to make comparisons between the subject of their study and similar monuments in different parts of the world; whereas, the author who can do this, like M. Langlès, continually throws new light on obscure points of history: and it is by such researches alone that we may ever hope to attain correct ideas on the supposed emigration of mankind, or the history of the origin of a people. Too high praise, therefore, cannot be given to learned men, who, filling important public functions, still find time for those important studies which demand sedulous attention and profound meditation, directed by genius and that critical acumen which knows how to purge the gold from the dross, and present it not only pure but in abundance to the republic of letters; and such, in a word, is M. Langlès, as he has exemplified it in the work before us.

ARCHITECTURE,



## ARCHITECTURE, &amp;c.

*Œuvres de M. Gauthey, &c.*

*The Works of M. Gauthey, 3 vols. 4to. plates.—Vol. 1, 2, Construction of Bridges; Vol. 3, on Navigable Canals: published by his nephew, M. Navier, engineer in ordinary of highways and bridges. Printed by Fermin Didot, Paris. 1813-16.*

After a well drawn-up biographical notice of M. Gauthey by his nephew, we enter upon the work of the author, commencing with an historical description of the principal stone-bridges built by the ancients and moderns in various parts of the world, from the Emilian bridge at Rome, built in the time of Sylla, to the present time; to which the author has added engravings of 153 of the principal ones, all reduced to one scale, with engravings of twelve aqueducts, amongst which we certainly expected to find the celebrated one of Alcantara, near Lisbon.

This part of the work is not only highly interesting in a historical point of view, but also as it regards the sciences. In it we trace the dawn of bridge-building, from the practice of the Egyptians, who were ignorant of the manner of turning an arch, and formed their bridges of pillars and large stones laid as a platform from pillar to pillar, to the elegant constructions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the strength of arches and the resistance of stone in every form and position were rendered the object of mathematical demonstration. We see the progress of the art, and by what slow degrees it attained its present advanced state; we witness the aberrations of genius at different periods, darting from the beaten track; now failing for want of practical knowledge of the nature and resistance of different stones in different forms and positions; now, happily, combining practical knowledge with a beautiful theory, and forming an epoch in the science. To these descriptions the author has joined that of 1500 bridges in France, of which the breadth of the river exceeds twenty metres (the metre is 39,361 inches English). We pass over the part which more exclusively concerns France, to devote our attention to what relates to bridge-building as a science. The second book treats of the manner of ascertaining the dimensions proper to be given to bridges under all possible circumstances, and what are the variations to be practised under particular ones. "One of the most important points," observes M. Gauthey, "is the *debouché*,

or water-way, necessary to be given to bridges." Had this subject been well understood, London-bridge had been differently constructed. M. Gauthey gives the algebraic formula for determining it, which the limits of this article do not permit us to translate.

The section on the resistance of stone is highly curious and important; he enumerates 180 species of stone, and gives the specific gravity and the resistance of a cube of five centimetres (about two inches). We find that the resistance is not as the specific gravity; for the stone of Caserta, in Italy, whose specific gravity is 2,718, only supported the weight of 14865 kilogrammes (about 30,000 pounds avoirdupois); while the *gres blanc*, or white free-stone (specific grav. 2,476) supported 23086 kilogrammes; and white statuary marble (spec. grav. 2,695) supported only 8176 kilogrammes; and the white stone of Seissel, in France, (spec. grav. 2,020, and resistance only 904 kil. and pumice-stone (spec. grav. 0.556) bore 690 kil.: the basaltes of Auvergne gave 2,884, and 51945 kil.

The next table is perhaps still more important. It is on the resistance of cubes of five centimetres of the same stone, taken at different depths in the bed or quarry. This table presents very curious results: the greatest resistance is afforded by stone from the middle of the bed, while the specific gravity follows no fixed rule; it is, however, always the greatest in the middle of the bed, and generally the least at the bottom. The author gives four sets of experiments on as many stones, taken at twelve, ten, six, and five different depths, according to the thickness of the bed or quarry, and in all of them the specific gravity is greatest near the middle, less at the top, and least at the bottom.

Table IV. presents a set of experiments on the resistance of solids, according to the surface of the base. Table V. on the influence of the figure of the base on the resistance of solids of stone. The result is, that the circle of all figures of an equal area is the strongest. Table VI. experiments on solids of stone of different heights, and on solids of stone divided horizontally, or composed of a determinate number of parts, attached in layers, or horizontally; from which it is proved that one cube opposes a greater resistance than two placed on each other, and two greater than three, &c.

This partial analysis is sufficient to convey an idea of the nature and importance of the present work to all civil engineers.

In the second volume he treats of iron bridges. He has given engravings of all the principal iron bridges in England and in France, with geometrical sections, and points out the advantages of such and such forms. To M. Gauthey we owe practical illustration of a curious fact, that a hollow cylinder is stronger than a solid one of an equal quantity of matter; he was the first who applied it in practice, and his discovery precedes all the pretended discoveries of others on this point.

The third volume treats of inland navigation, or navigable canals: it contains an account of all the canals in France, the modes of construction, the errors adopted by different civil engineers, and the means of avoiding them; and the author bestows on all the parts of the subject, theoretical and practical, the same care, and displays the same profound and brilliant conceptions which distinguish his treatise on bridges. We need not, after this, say that the work eminently recommends itself to the notice and study of the civil engineer, who would not only avoid the too frequent errors committed, but distinguish himself by eminence in his science.

#### TRAVELS.

*Voyage en Savoie, en Piemont, à Nice et à Genes, &c.*

*Travels in Savoy and Piedmont, to Nice and Genoa; by the Chevalier Millin, Member of the Institute, Professor of Archæology, and Keeper of the Medals and Antiquities of the Royal Library, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1817.*

*Voyage dans le Milanais, &c.*

*Travels in the Milanais, to Placentia, Parma, Modena, Mantua, Cremona, and several other Cities of ancient Lombardy; by the same Author. 2 vols. 8vo. January, 1817.*

The literary world have long expected with impatience the Travels of M. Millin, and the publication will not disappoint their hopes. To the eye of observation, he joins, perhaps, the profoundest knowledge of antiquity of any person of the age: he views every thing with a classical eye; he is shown monuments to which a fabulous history is attached. In his hands antiquity has become one of the exact sciences; he unmask the pious fraud, and affixes to the object its true date and value. This sacrifice of every thing to Truth would, we are persuaded, render M. Millin a less welcome guest a second time with the reverend detailers of mira-

cles with which Italy abounds, but the world is a considerable gainer by the circumstance. We will let the author describe the object of his labours:—

“At least, it will be seen that I have spared no pains to complete the notions I wished to collect and publish on the cities and countries of which I have treated: besides my written notices, I collected a considerable quantity of works on whatever could be the object of my researches and my meditations... Some persons will, perhaps, find the details too minute; but my design was to give a description of Italy, as well as a book of Travels; to unite what I saw to what others have observed; to form, in fact, a collection of notices which might guide travellers, and spare them the purchase of other works, but pointing out always the source for those who wish to consult it. I have thus comprised in my work a pretty extensive bibliography, and made known a great quantity of books and dissertations, of which very few have crossed the Alps. I have given in the notes a list of the principal pictures, and the descriptions of objects in detail, that those who do not feel interested in these matters may pass them without interruption. I wished also that my book might make Italy known to those who cannot undertake the journey: on this account, I have not contented myself with describing what appeared to interest me, I have pointed out the engravings of those objects, and the works in which they are to be found.

“It is peculiarly under the view of Letters and the Arts that persons travel to Italy; I have principally attached myself to whatever relates to literary history and that of the arts. My desire has been to be useful to those who visit this classic country, and to give an idea, at least, of the riches of this beautiful clime to those who cannot visit it. I do not presume that my work should be regarded as an authority, but at least it will serve as a guide; the additions, the corrections, and the criticisms of which it may be the object, will serve to compose another, which shall approximate still nearer to that perfection which few men ever arrived at, and which I am far from supposing that I have attained.”—Page 384-6, vol. ii. *Voyage en Savoie, &c.*

The author commences his travels at Pont Beauvoison, the last town in France, and the route from thence to Suza offers little but rugged mountains for nearly two hundred miles, with a frightful



frightful monotony, enlivened now and then, it is true, by a poor hermitage, the sacred cross, an image of our Lady of the happy Meeting, a roaring cataract, or an abyss, which the mind cannot contemplate without horror; the inhabitants with goitres, and in manners and intellect a shade below the Hottentot. In this description of a route which we have travelled at a period anterior to M. Millin, we must except Chambray and its environs. We shall give a specimen of our author's manner.—

"It has been repeated in several works that Montmeillan is the ancient station that the Itinerary of Antoninus and the Theodosian Table call Montala; but, as this Itinerary fixes at fifteen miles the distance between this place and Semene, it is evident that Montala must be more distant. The monuments of the twelfth century inform us, that Montmeillan was called Monmeliacum and Mons Emelianus. The first counts of Savoy resided there; Amadæus III. and Amadæus IV. were born in the castle, which Henry IV. called a 'marvellous strong place, and the best he ever saw.' Although master of the rest of Savoy, he despaired of taking it, until Sully's plan was adopted. It was there that this sovereign, so distinguished by his valour, proved that the greatest courage may, on a sudden explosion, like a weak mind, show signs of fear. He visited, with the worthiest friend that a monarch ever possessed, the battery which Sully had just established, when a discharge of heavy artillery covered him with earth and a shower of gravel. Henry made the sign of the cross, and Sully was not afraid of offending his prince in saying to him—"It is now, sire, I discover that you are a good Catholic." . . . . The town of Montmeillan is agreeably situated; but the streets are all upon the descent: it is divided into two groups of habitations, separated by fields, which do not contribute to distinguish it as the site of the busy hum of men. The beautiful view which extends along the course of the Isère—the clustering summits of the mountains, and Mont Blanc, in the distance, raising above all, as their king, his majestic head, form an imposing spectacle."

In speaking of the inhabitants of the Maurienne, he says their appearance is by no means proper to remove the disgusting impression we have received from books of Travels: they consider the frightful goitres as a benediction from Heaven, and consider themselves the

elect of God, who, they say, has only afflicted them in this world to recompence them in the next. This idea is founded on the text, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." It is not very clearly demonstrated that the Cretins enter more easily than persons of sense, but it is certain that they can do nothing which can render them undeserving; and under this idea they are regarded as the protectors of the house, and this belief procures them, under the roof that gave them birth, the succours of which they have need; and, were it not for that, they would be cruelly abandoned, and their fate most miserable."

It is thus that our learned author, carrying every where the eye of observation, enriches his work with an immense variety of materials. Now, we see him exploring an ancient monument, and discussing the tradition of its origin; now, we find him describing the palaces of princes, examining the libraries of the curious and the learned, who every where throw open their arms to greet the illustrious traveller; now, we find him deserting "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to mix in the humbler scenes of rural happiness, and attend and describe with *naïveté* a rustic wedding, or the *not less amusing* ceremonies of the dead; under his pen the classic ground of Italy receives new charms; the very ground he treads on supplies a glowing retrospect of its ancient glory; we travel with him, his pictures are real, we see the spots he describes, and transport ourselves with him, through the lapse of ages, to repose on periods when it was glorious to be born in Italy.

The second part of the Travels, or those in Lombardy, increase in interest. Milan, Genoa, and Mantua, afford noble themes for the exercise of the genius and learning of the traveller. Monza, too, is not without its interest. It is there that is to be seen the celebrated Iron Crown, which served for the coronation of the kings of Italy.

This crown is a simple circle of gold, enriched with occidental jewels divided into compartments, in the midst of which are flowers equally formed of pearls and coloured stones. In the centre is a circle of iron, to which the crown owes its name, and which (*it is said*) was formed of the nails of the true cross. The chapter of Milan combats this tradition, but Monza is too wise to listen to attacks of reason in matters of faith. It is said that it served for the coronation of the kings

kings of Lombardy, but history is silent on the point. The Emperor Henry IV. was the first monarch of whom we have any record, being so crowned at Monza; and Charles V. was the last who wore it, until Napoleon, to render his coronation as king of Italy more solemn, sent, in great pomp, to the church of Monza for this crown, which the cardinal legate, Caprara, received in the porch of the church of St. Ambrose. Napoleon took it, and placed it on his own head, saying, "*Dio me la diede, guai a chi la tocca!*" (God gives it me, beware who touches it!) M. Millin observes, that constancy of success was wanting to him, which would have rendered the expression truly great.

We now dismiss these volumes, recommending their perusal to whoever would travel in Italy as indispensable, or would obtain accurate information on the present state of the arts, society, and manners of Italy.

#### MEDICINE.

*Memoires de Chirurgie Militaire, et Campagnes de D. I. Larrey, &c.*

*Memoirs of Military Surgery, and Campaigns of D. I. Larrey, first surgeon of the Guard and Hospital of the Guard of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Baron of the Empire, &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. plates.*

The illustrious author of the work now before us has created a new æra in surgery. The favourite surgeon of Napoleon in every campaign, from Egypt to Waterloo, the immense variety of cases which presented themselves induced him to depart from old-established theories and adopt new ones. His ideas were attacked, he was called a barbarian and a monster, because he had performed what none had ever dared to attempt; but the success of the operations in what had always been regarded as mortal cases, soon confirmed the truth of his principles. We particularly refer to the amputation of the thigh at the articulation of the os coccygis, now commonly performed, after his example, by our own military surgeons.

In reviewing his work, we feel we cannot do better than simply translate the review of it ordered by the Royal Institute of France, and signed Deschamps and Pelletan, of which we have obtained an official copy.

... "The class receives the work with interest and distinction, and will occupy itself in retracing some articles, in which it finds new ideas useful precepts, and

details of operations which were previously unknown.

"Amongst these different objects, the Baron Larrey gives a memoir on wounds penetrating the breast, which he advises to unite even when there is extravasated blood: he conceives it to be the only method of arresting the hæmorrhage, and rendering the respiration more easy, though there may be afterwards required the operation of the empyeuma, if the blood has not been absorbed, and is injurious by its presence. The author gives several examples, taken from his practice, in support of his theory.

"The article on hepatic abscesses presents great interest, and adds examples to the principles of the art on this subject.

"M. Larrey also gives a memoir on the engorgement of the lymphatics, a species of elephantiasis of the scrotum, and on the cancer of the testicle, which he compares between themselves, and mentions several amputations which he had performed for the first of these cases, which was very common in Egypt.

"The moment proper for amputating members which have received gun-shot wounds, and the case when it is necessary to perform the dreadful operation of amputating the thigh at its superior articulation, have been long agitated. M. Larrey has endeavoured to settle this important point, and he cites several cases in which he practised this operation with more or less success when conceived to be indispensable. He points out a peculiar mode of proceeding, which renders the operation more easy and less painful,\* and promises us a new memoir on this most important subject.

"M. Larrey also advises, from happy experience, the amputation of the leg as near the knee as possible, without paying any attention to the spongy substance of the articular extremities of the bone.

"The amputation of the arm in its superior articulation, is one of the principal titles of the glory of Baron Larrey, by the safety with which he executes a particular proceeding, as simple as it is expeditious, and by a success proved by numerous examples,—since, of one hundred wounded on whom he performed this operation, ninety were cured.

"The amputation of the wounded member has also been, in the hands of M. Larrey, a method of curing the

\* The time in which the Baron usually performs this operation of taking the thigh out of the socket, is two minutes! tetanus



tetanus, a formidable accident, and recognized ever since the time of Hippocrates, as generally irremediable.

The hydrocele, a disorder as common as it is without danger, has nevertheless its inconvenience, as well as deformity. It is only where the patient is determined to be radically cured, that Art has occasion to make the best choice, and the best use of the means proposed to attain it. These means vary greatly: injections had hitherto appeared the best; but M. Larrey has discovered, that, leaving in the puncture a tube of Indian rubber, always open, to draw off continually the water of the hydrocele, there is obtained, by the continual approximation of the parts, an adhesive inflammation, like that which results from the injection, but with less pain. M. Larrey cites a great number of successful cases.

One of the last objects claimed by M. Larrey as his own, is the *fistula in ano*; for the treatment of which he applies to the true principles of the art, adding some improvements of his own.

This work of M. Larrey, in three vols. contains, besides, many other useful objects, and all of the greatest interest, even when they refer only indirectly to the art of healing. The work proves the science, the experience, and indefatigable zeal of this celebrated practitioner, whose fame has been long established.

*Dissertation sur les Odeurs, &c.*

*Dissertation on Smells, on the Senses, and the Organs of Olfaction; by Dr. Cloquet, &c. 4to. Paris, 1816.*

DR. CLOQUET is a young man, who by the union of genius and study has acquired a brilliant reputation at an age when many with difficulty pass an examination. Since the appearance of the present work he has published a *Treatise of Descriptive Anatomy*, highly esteemed; and we regret that we cannot, in the present number, offer an analysis of it to our readers. Never, assuredly, was so much learning displayed on odours. The author's general knowledge has made him cull authorities and quotations of all kinds and from all sources; and his work is not only distinguished by its learning but its method. Whatever concerns the olfactory functions, or impressions on them, is traced with marked skill and ability, which will amply repay the perusal of the medical and non-medical reader.

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GREEK CLASSICS.

*Œuvres Complètes de Xenophon, traduites en François, et accompagnées du Texte Grec, de la Version Latine de Notes Critiques, &c.*

*The whole Works of Xenophon, translated into French, and accompanied with the Greek Text, the Latin Version, Critical Notes, the various Readings of all the Manuscripts in the Royal Library, Plans of Battles, Geographical Charts, Fac-similies of curious Greek MSS. and engraved Frontispieces to the different Treatises of Xenophon, &c. &c. By I. B. Gail, Member of the Institute, Royal Greek Professor, one of the Conservators of the Greek MSS. at the Royal Library, Knight of the Legion of Honor and of the Order of St. Wladimir of Russia, &c. &c. 10 vols. in 4to. Paris, 1816.—Price, in boards, 160 francs; on vellum paper, 320 francs.*

THE art of criticism, like the science of mathematics, is divided into pure and mixed. The pure regards the work independent of the author; the mixed enters into personal considerations relative or foreign to the work, according to the judgment or caprice of the critic. Both these methods have their advantages: the first, indeed, is the more legitimate; but the second is the more interesting. The former is a record which will bear the test of ages; the latter a document subject to be confirmed, modified, or abandoned with the generation that gave it birth, because the passions of the critic enter into his decision. Yet perhaps, for this very reason, the latter mode will always have the most admirers. The reader wishes to know, independent of the work, what is the character of the author, and he demands the critic's aid to inform him whether it is some charlatan, covered with the mantle of false learning, or modest merit, seeking truth rather than fame, who claims his attention; and, did not friendship, envy, and ignorance, alike present false mirrors, mixed criticism would be even more valuable than the pure, as including an important portion of biography.—Hoping to steer clear of the shoals we have pointed out, we propose to adopt the latter form, as with us the passions can have but little influence: we only know M. Gail and his adversaries from their works; and by their works, therefore, we will judge them.

The name of Gail has long been fami-

liar to the lovers of Greek literature. The Porson of France, in point of learning and critical acumen—his life furnishes the most striking contrast to that of our illustrious countryman. His midnight oil has always been consecrated to the study and development of his favorite language. The Revolution, that motley child of crime and virtue, destroyed the learned institutions; and, before she thought of re-establishing them under national forms, M. Gail, trembling for the fate of Greek literature, opened, in his own house, a gratuitous course of Greek to all who wished to study it; and, finding it attended with the happiest results, he continued it, notwithstanding the re-establishment of the seats of learning, for upwards of TWENTY YEARS. We shall say nothing of the personal and pecuniary sacrifices of M. Gail, in persevering to give gratuitous courses to all comers for twenty years; we will only observe that it marks the most ardent passion for his favorite study, and a noble philanthropy, which alone would entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

M. Gail, at the commencement, found a great obstacle to the success he promised himself, in the want of good elementary books; he accordingly compiled these, but on the same disinterested plan. We are not exactly aware of the number of works published by M. Gail, as original texts, translations, or treatises on Greek literature; but a volume before us, entitled "Essays on the Effect, Sense, and Value of the *Disinences* (terminations) of the Greek, Latin, and French;" bears on the title, 33d volume of the collection—in 8vo. Since which has appeared, his "Thucydides," in 12 vols. 4to. and "Xenophon," in 10 vols. 4to. On looking at this list, and considering the immense studies which only the two latter works have demanded, we may say of M. Gail, what Roger Ascham said of Varro, "When I consider how much Varro read, I cannot conceive how he had any time to write; and when I consider how much Varro wrote, I cannot conceive how he had any time to read." On speaking of the pecuniary sacrifices of M. Gail, we ought not to omit his edition of Thucydides, which was wanting to French literature, on which he devoted many valuable years of his life, and incurred a pecuniary loss of 20,000 francs.

In addition to these works, the author proposes to publish, in Greek, Latin, and

French, Herodotus (now in the press), Theocritus, Musæus, Anacreon, and the Mythology of Lucian!

The work now before us merits peculiar consideration under several points of view, as—1, the original text—2, the Latin version—3, the French translation—4, the volume of different readings, or the collation of all the MSS.—5, the notices on the MSS. and the literary and critical observations on the works of Xenophon—and 6, the volume of maps, charts, plans of battle, &c.

I. The text. The author has generally followed the texts of *Zeune* (Henry Stephens), as the most pure; but it will be seen how greatly he has availed himself of the resources of the MSS.

II. The Latin version. It is the old translation, corrected in numerous places by M. Gail, who tells us, he felt his time might be more usefully employed than in giving a new one: we agree with him, but we at the same time regret that, amongst the numerous list of his pupils, he had not selected one or two worthy of their master, to give a new Latin translation, the old one presenting little more than the *caput mortuum* of the ATTIC BEE.

III. The French translation. We could, in like manner, have wished that the leisure of M. Gail had permitted him not only to translate what had not been, or had been ill translated, but the whole; this, therefore, has in part the faults of the Latin version, and, with all the care even of M. Gail, this circumstance causes occasionally a marked difference between the text and the Latin and French translations, which it would, perhaps, be invidious to point out, when we can shew how much better his time has been employed in

IV. The collation of all the MSS. in the Royal Library; and, comparing them with the readings, corrections, and emendations of the various commentators of this Herculean task, we know not how to speak in sufficient terms of commendation. We can compare it only to the labour of Mr. Briggs, in compiling the first logarithmic tables. Every MS. of Xenophon was collated, word by word, and the different readings given by each, carefully marked, collected, and arranged; they are so considerable as to form a quarto volume of 780 pages. To convey some idea of this labour, we will cite the author's own words.

"The first duty of an editor of the ancients, is the collation of the MSS. All



All the learned acknowledge the high importance of this; but few fulfil the duty with a religious zeal: witness the Musgraves and the Bruncks, and many others, who give with assurance, as readings of MSS., bad variations, which were sent them by careless, ill-paid, ignorant, or unfaithful copyists.

"Persuaded that this labour could not be committed indifferently to all kinds of persons, I long supported the weight of this burthen alone. Having neither secretary nor reader, I held in one hand a printed text, in the other a MS., and examined them word by word: these rapid transitions having excessively injured my sight, I was obliged to seek assistance; but, in order to render that assistance effectual, it was necessary to have my assistants under my own eye. To effect this, I purchased a house contiguous to the College of France, to which I made a way from my own chambers, and filled it with friends equally zealous and faithful. To be enabled to remunerate them, and pay for the engravings of the medals and specimens of the MSS., &c. a second sacrifice was necessary, and I hesitated no more to make it than I had done for the first. Of the edition with which I was charged, after the societies and the libraries were supplied, the government (under Napoleon) designed to make me a present of the rest, as an indemnity. This I disposed of for a certain sum, in order to pay my assistants.

"In fulfilling this important, but at the same time most painful, fastidious, and ungrateful task, which seems to impose silence on the mind, the imagination, and all the intellectual qualities; I resigned myself to pore over undecipherable MSS. in order to snatch from the ravages of time, unique and perishable monuments, subject to political and physical revolutions, sacrificing to such labours my literary taste, my repose, my health, my eyes, I was far from courting laurels, which only grow upon the tomb." M. Gail here recounts the attacks of envious hellenists, for rivals he had none. Our limits forbid us to follow the admirable and venerable author in his just complaints. Vide vol. vii. part 2, p. 4, et seq.

"Two divisions, each composed of three persons, divided the labour; one read the printed text, the two others listened and followed each upon a MS.; the moment a variation, evidently defective, was discovered, it was transcribed. This done,

the labour was far from finished; without mentioning the revisal, and a great number of variations marked as doubtful, which demanded, on my part, frequent journeys to the Imperial Library. As my numerous MSS. demanded numerous collations, it was first necessary to unite them in a body of variations; then examining them, one after another, and comparing them with the received text, and judging them in critical notes. I arrived, at length, at a text representing Thucydides and Xenophon, the most faithfully possible."

This labour of M. Gail will be duly appreciated by the scholar: he has fixed the text permanently; and every hellenist, possessing in his work the readings of all the celebrated MSS. in the National Library, many of which are now dispersed, will adopt his text in every edition or quotation from Xenophon, &c.

We must not forget to observe that M. Gail is a philologist, without the mania of giving new readings. Instead of pursuing the line generally adopted, of supposing every thing wrong that the commentator did not understand, and changing it for a reading of his own; M. Gail has sedulously studied his author, and thereby discovered the hidden meaning of obscure passages; and, instead of pretended corrections, has restored the original text. In the MSS. M. Gail was not always guided by the number of authorities; thus, in the reading of Thucyd. vii. 31, he adopted the exquisite reading of a Moscow MS. ἀποπλεων ἐπὶ τῆς\* Κερκυρας, to the common, but absurd reading, ἀποπλεων ἐκ τῆς. To the industry and learning, therefore, of M. Gail, the learned world have eternal obligations for having collated, word by word, ten MSS. on the Republic of Sparta, three on the treatise entitled Περὶ προσων, three on the Republic of Athens, three on the Banquet, three on the Praise of Agesilaus, four on the Hiero, four on Horsemanship, or on the Commandant of Cavalry, two on the Cyropedia, six on the Grecian History, nine on the Memorable Sayings and Deeds of Socrates, six on the Economics, two on the Apology of Socrates, two on

\* The learned Dodwell hit upon this reading merely from consulting the chart; and, as M. Gail observes, though he has only one MS. in his favour, it is not the case to say, *Plus esse in uno scapo quam in turba boni?*

the Cynegetics, or Treatise on Hunting, besides three MSS. from Rome, and a most valuable one purchased by him. In the purchase of this MS. and remunerating his assistants, he expended his own money, besides the purchase of the house, and ten years' labour. Such devotion of time and fortune, all things considered, is without a parallel in the annals of literature.

V. The notice on the MSS. is highly curious and important, and the thirty-five plates of fac-similes add singularly to the value of this part: some of the specimens are of the eleventh century. The critical notes: these cannot be analysed; we will, however, offer a specimen or two.—Republic of Sparta, ch. xiii. 9. the text, Εἰσεὶ δὲ τῷ νέῳ καὶ κεκριμένῳ εἰς μάχην συνέβαι. Leunclave translates by *juveni quoque ac delecto ad pugnam ineundam permittitur ut, &c.* M. Gail gives a learned note to prove the nonsense of this version; but, in fact, it requires no great hellenical skill to shew it must be wrong. Instead of *delecto ad pugnam*, M. Gail gives, "It is permitted to the young warrior, even under the bond of accusation, to present himself to combat the enemy." This version is highly plausible, but we esteem it rather a happy conception than a well warranted translation: we wish the author had given us more authorities.

One of the virtues of M. Gail is an ineffable modesty; he never hesitates to say, I translated such a passage wrong, it ought to be so and so; I was mistaken in the sense of such a word, &c. We have a curious instance of this in the notes on the Art of Horsemanship. We do not suspect M. Gail of knowing much of horsemanship; but his second version is consonant to good modern practice: we learn by it, that, even in the time of Xenophon, they made the horse with the near or off foot first, by applying the whip (rod) on the contrary side. Our author proves anew, that horses were not shod in the days of Xenophon: it is a fact long since settled.

On looking over the critical notes, the anecdote of the wife of Tigranes struck us forcibly, from its exquisite delicacy. Cyrus asked him what he would give for the liberty of his wife, who was a prisoner as well as himself; Tigranes replied, he would give all, even his life, to preserve the princess from servitude. Cyrus gave her to him without ransom. Every one at this moment praised Cyrus; one boasted of his wisdom, another his

bravery, another his affability, some his stature and his beauty; on which Tigranes addressed his wife, "And how did you find Cyrus? did he not appear to you very handsome?" "I did not look at him," replied the princess. "Whom did you look at then?" "At him who would have given his life to preserve me from servitude." The very next article is of a very different complexion: it is no other than to determine whether the *prochoides* were drinking-vessels, barrels of wine, or chamber-pots. M. Gail proves, very learnedly, that they were the latter, which the Persians carried in their pockets to repasts; they had, even at that time, one handle, and even the lapse of ages has not given them two. We forgive the author his wit at our expence, because we wish the custom were observed by us in the light that foreigners regard it. "This custom partly exists amongst the English, but modified as it ought be by a polished people. At the large dinner parties, where they meet to discuss politics or commerce, they do not carry with them *prochoides*, the host spares his guests that trouble; adjoining the dining-room, and sometimes even in it, *prochoides* are placed, thanks to which, one is not an instant a stranger to the conversation." To soften the matter, he adds a note—"This custom is not adopted at family dinners."

VI. With respect to the maps, charts, plans of battle, &c. &c. too much praise cannot be given to the author and his friend, M. Barbie Bocage. This atlas will be consulted by all geographers in laying down maps of ancient geography. The profound learning and inexhaustible patience of such a person as the royal Greek professor, was necessary to render maps of ancient geography more than a confused distribution of names of places, without any sound classical authority; for example, where he treats of the kingdom of the Adryses, which is as little understood as the pretended kings of Thrace, given by *Cary, Eckel &c.* of Epithrace, of Upper and Lower Macedonia, of Olympia, a city which never existed, &c. &c. These various studies are highly important, and will change for ever many of the features of ancient geography, the science of which Mr. Gail has greatly extended; and the work before us has alone erected an imperishable monument to his fame. Let him not fear that laurels will grow only on his tomb, they now encircle his brows; and,



and, notwithstanding the cabals of ungrateful pupils, and envious understrappers of Messieurs Villoison, Boissonade, &c. they will flourish as long as the name of Xenophon is admired, or learning itself is cultivated.

## GRAMMAR.

*Elemens de la Grammaire de la Langue Romane, &c.*

*Elements of the Grammar of the Romance Language before the Year 1000; by M. Raynouard, Member of the French Institute, Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. &c. 1 vol. 3vo. Paris, 1816.*

THE venerable author of "The Templars," the best modern tragedy in France, has undertaken a most important task; it is no less than to compose a grammar and dictionary of a language which never possessed either, and which has ceased to be spoken nearly 800 years. The barbarous hordes who destroyed the Roman empire, felt it necessary to learn Latin, not grammatically, but orally. From the compound of this language with their dialects, a new language was formed; it was spoken in its purest style by the Troubadours, and, blended with other dialects, formed the Spanish, Italian, French, and from them became incorporated with the English. In truth, the greater part of the words which Dr. Johnson derives from the Latin, were borrowed from the Romance language. In this language the Latin desinences were suppressed, and nouns, adjectives, &c. formed as we have them at the present time.—E. G. accent, aliment, April, argument, canal, detriment, element, instrument, &c.; baptismal, evident, human, just, long, prompt, prudent, &c. We will not extend the notice of this valuable work farther, as we understand it is the object of a particular Essay destined for the Monthly Magazine. —

## MATHEMATICS.

*Recherches Experimentales et Mathematiques sur les Mouvements des Molecules de la Lumiere-autour de leur Centre de Gravité; par M. Biot.*

*Experimental and Mathematical Researches on the Motions of the Particles of Light round their Centre of Gravity; by M. Biot, Member of the Institute, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy at the College of France, &c. &c. 1 vol. 4to. Plates. Printed by Firmin Didot.*

It is sufficient simply to announce the title of this work, and the name of the

author, to inspire an ardent curiosity in the lovers of mathematics and natural philosophy. Few new theories have made such rapid progress as that of the polarization of light, but few theories have found a Biot to pursue researches with the ardour of a lover, and the patience of a philosopher. The nature of the subject prevents our giving any extracts, which, to be understood, must be given at a length far exceeding the limits possibly to be allotted to the article; hence, we shall content ourselves with bestowing on the work our warmest commendation to the study of every mathematician.

## FORTIFICATION.

*La Science des Ingenieurs, &c.*

*The Science of Engineers, in the conduct of Works of Fortification and Civil Architecture, by Belidor; a new edition, with Notes, by M. Navier, Engineer in Ordinary of Bridges and Roads. 1 vol. 4to. many Plates. Paris, 1816.*

THE work of the celebrated Belidor had been long out of print; and, notwithstanding the boasted progress of fortification and civil engineering, none has been published in any language capable to replace it. We may, indeed, judge of its importance from the following official testimony of Vauban.—"We, Lieutenant-General of the king's armies, director of the fortifications of the places in the province of Artois, certify that we have read and examined, with all the care and exactitude possible, a MS. intituled, &c. (as above), in which we have found nothing that is not conformable to the best practice for the construction of works of fortification, sluices, and military edifices. The greater part of the matters susceptible of the rules of geometry, are treated with precision and neatness, which may tend to the perfection of works. I conceive even that engineers may avail themselves, very usefully, of the rules taught in it; and that, in general, the book cannot be otherwise than very advantageous for the king's service, and those who are charged with the construction of his majesty's works. (Signed) VAUBAN."

Similar official opinions are given of it by Demus, Vallory, and Gittard.

## ANTIQUITIES.

*Egyptiaques, or a Collection of inedited Egyptian Monuments; par Chevalier Millin, &c. &c.*

*A Collection of inedited Egyptian Monuments, &c. In 1 vol. 4to. printed by*

by Didot. 12 plates. 1816. Price 12 francs.

THE works of M. Millin, as will have already been perceived, have a higher object than merely that of describing, with accuracy, the various objects of high antiquity. They are so many lessons on ancient manners, customs, and ceremonies; and serve to tear away the mystic veil which conceals from us so many facts, which, if known, would tend to illustrate the history of man, the arts, and the sciences. Thus, in the work at present under review, it is not only the perfect preservation of the monuments and the precious nature of their materials, that M. Millin describes; these are but secondary objects to the history of the monument, and the customs of which it is the type. This enlarged view, and the noblest that can be taken of the monuments of art, leads M. Millin to consider the nature of the Πάσας (Pastos), the statue representing one of the Egyptian priests, called by the Greeks, Pastaphores, or bearers of the Pastos. The volume is full of these curious disquisitions, to which we refer the reader; as a description, without the plates, would afford but a very imperfect idea of the value of the work.

*Description des Tombeaux qui ont été decouvert à Pompeii, en 1812.*

*Description of the Tombs discovered at Pompeii, in 1812; by the Chevalier Millin, &c. &c. 8vo. 7 plates.*

THE Chevalier Millin had the happiness to make the discovery of these tombs himself; we are, therefore, certain not to be misled in any of the curious particulars they contained. The bas-reliefs contain many curious remarks on the combats of the gladiators, on which our author gives a learned disquisition, including the illustration of several important points of ancient history. In these tombs were also discovered the "play-bills" of the Romans, or advertisements that such and such entertainments would be given, as combats of the gladiators, hunting-matches, &c.; and bas-reliefs, illustrating these sports, form a part of the curiosities of the tombs discovered by M. Millin. The account of the plates alone will abundantly shew the importance of this work in literary and antiquarian points of view.

Plate I. Plans of the two tombs, &c.—fig. 1, section of the tomb of AMPLIATUS—2, section of the circular tomb—

3, plan of the tomb of Ampliatu—4, plan of the circular tomb—5, sepulchral altar of Allegius Libella—6, table of the same tomb—7, funeral Triclinium—8, tumular stone, in form of a pilaster, supporting a sphere.

Plate II. View of the first two tombs.

Plate III. Bas-reliefs of ditto—fig. 1, bas-reliefs on the base of the tomb of Ampliatu, combats of the gladiators, and painted inscriptions—2, chase, *Venatio*, under the preceding bas-relief—3, bas-relief on the door of the same tomb—4, another.

Plate IV. Principal front of the tomb of CALVENTIUS, on which is seen the *Bisellium*.

Plate V. Details of the same tomb—fig. 1, lateral face, decorated with an oaken crown or garland—2, *enroulement*, ornamented with a ram's head—3, *bisellium*—4, ornaments of the base—5, arabesque—6, bas-relief of one of the little pyramids—7, another—8, *ibid*—9, *ibid*.

Plate VI. Principal front of the tomb of MUNATIUS FAUSTUS and NAEVOLEIA TYCHE.

Plate VII. Details of the same tomb—fig. 1, lateral front—2, bas-relief of the principal front—3, bust of *Naevoleia*—4, bas-relief of the lateral front—5, *bisellium*, which decorates the other lateral front.

The very mention of the word *bisellium* will not fail to arouse the curiosity of the antiquaries; one of the inscriptions bears—

C. CALVENTIO QUIETO  
AVGVSTALI

HVIC OB MVNIFICENT DECVRIONVM  
DECRETO ET POPVLI CONSENSV BISELLII  
HONOR DATVS EST.

What was the honor of the *bisellium*? and what was the *bisellium*? Varro is the only ancient author who mentions it. If the disquisition of our author does not settle the point, it at least throws a strong light on the subject.

#### HISTORY.

*Les Bedouins, ou Arabes du Desert. The Bedouins, or Arabs of the Desert; published from the inedited Notes of Don Raphael, on the Manners, Customs, Laws, and Civil and Religious Ceremonies of that People; by F. J. Mayeux. 3 vols. 18mo. 24 plates. Paris, 1816.*

THIS is an exquisite little work, and contains important information on the manners



manners of a people of whom little has been hitherto known. The editor does not inform us how Don Raphael succeeded in acquiring the immense variety of information he furnishes. It would appear that he had actually become an Arab of one of the tribes, to be initiated as he appears to be in all that relates to their domestic manners and customs; for they are described with a degree of minuteness and precision that an eye-witness alone could have furnished. His portraits are happy and striking. Here we view the children of nature, unsophisticated by education. The virtues of the soul here display themselves in the most heroic forms; and, were they not allied to their opposite vices, we should present the untutored Arab as a model of virtue to civilized Europe. One thing in his favour is, his virtues are those of his soul; his vices the offspring of habit and necessity; and, in many cases, the former atones for the latter, as in a case recited by our author. "A traveller had been robbed and stripped naked by a troop of Arabs. He had wit enough to cry after them; the chief turned: the traveller addressed him—'Oh! chief of the Arabs, famed for virtue and generosity, I have been robbed and stripped by a perverse Arab; I entreat thee, by Mahomet, to compel him to restore me my property.' The Arab smiled, 'Thou art a cunning fellow; here, take thy clothes, &c. that the perverse Arab had given to me; go thy way, and take better care in future.'" The work abounds with pleasing anecdotes, which must render it very popular.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Les Trois Ages, &c.*

*The Three Ages; or the Olympic Games—the Amphitheatre and Chivalry; a Poem, with Historical Notes. 1 vol. 12mo. 1816.*

THIS is a most exquisite little work: the author (M. Roux) need not have been ashamed to put his name to it. It is addressed to French youth, but the times are changed since it was written—emulation is no longer a virtue. We recommend the volume to all our readers who love genuine poetry and highly poetic ideas, in chaste and elegant language. The volume is beautifully printed on vellum, by Firmin Didot.

*Les Bucoliques de Virgile, &c.*

*The Bucolics of Virgil, preceded by several Idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; and followed by all the pas-*

*sages of Theocritus that Virgil has imitated: translated into French verse, by Firmin Didot. In 1 volume 12mo. 1816.*

M. FIRMIN DIDOT has displayed, in this volume, that he has cultivated the Muses and typography with equal success. The translation is faithful and spirited; the notes learned and curious. Would that all printers resembled in honour, talent, and genius, M. F. Didot!

[The two following works do not strictly come within the circle of French literature; but, being published at Paris, unknown in England, and of great interest, they merit notice among the novelties of the French press.]

*On the Origin, Nature, Progress, and Influence of Consular Establishments; by D. B. Warden, Consul-General of the United States of America at Paris, &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo.*

THE want of a work on the nature and duties of consuls, has been long and severely felt; and, strange as it may appear, the most commercial country in the globe has never possessed a consul who thought it worth his while to develop the arcana of his office. To the consul-general of the United States, we are indebted for supplying the deficiency. His object at first was, he tells us, only to point out some of the defects in the consular system to his government, which insensibly led him to examine what had been done by other nations, and he was surprized to find that the public libraries of Paris did not contain even a simple memoir on the subject. He, therefore, sought information in national treaties, and other documents of a diplomatic nature.

His ideas on the conduct a consul ought to observe, will be duly appreciated. "Although I am decidedly of opinion that a consul ought to have no interest in trade, yet I am, nevertheless, the friend and advocate of liberal commerce; which, if founded on the principles of justice, honour, and reciprocity, would form, between nations and climates, a chain of communication highly favourable to the improvement of arts, industry, and political economy; commerce might then, with some propriety, be defined the art of rendering a people happy."

The arrangement of Mr. Warden's work is classical. He first (Chapter 1,) considers the commercial advantages of consular establishments. Chap. 2, the political and economical advantages of consular

consular establishments. 3, the origin of consular jurisdiction. 4, of consuls for the regulation of internal commerce, and the municipal administration of districts. 5, the nature and extent of consular jurisdiction. 6, of the consular system of the United States of America; extracts from treaties and conventions between the government of the United States and those of other nations, concerning the rights, privileges, and duties of consuls. 7, the French consular system. He concludes this article with observations, which possess great importance in a national point of view.

"The French republic, on the 1st of Messidor, 11th year of its reign, decreed that its laws, statutes, and regulations, expressly forbid the consul from carrying on any species of trade, directly or indirectly, or forming a commercial association on his own account; and we say with justice, that our consuls, since the regeneration of our republic, have every-where shewn themselves faithful to its principles. No-where do they mingle in the interests of commerce, except to protect, extend, and render it more and more favourable to their fellow-citizens, and never for their own benefit. The commercial agents of nations allied to France, even those of Russia, the Teutonic, Hans, and Austrian States, have disinterestedly hastened to imitate this fine example.

It is quite otherwise with the English consul, who every where trades on his account, or that of the government, to the injury of his fellow-citizens, every where drenching them even to loathing. One while a public agent, another a simple individual,—he employs every method to accumulate a fortune and increase the fiscal of his isle. Monopoly, brokerage, stock-jobbing, arbitrary taxes, all is agreeable. He is a trader in Smyrna, a commissioner in Holland, and a pirate in Barbary."—p. 237.

This sweeping sentence is severe, and we hope it is unjust; and, that English consuls may be able to wipe off the stain thrown upon the whole body, by a person whose censure is the more important, as his rank and learning and official capacity add considerable weight to his assertions.

Chap. VIII. the English Consular System—IX. the Dutch ditto—X. Prussian ditto—XI. Danish ditto—XII. Portuguese ditto—XIII. Austrian ditto; and

he concludes with a curious and valuable article, containing a short account of the lives and writings of the most distinguished consuls of different countries: and, certainly, had M. Warden had this list in his view, when he wrote the passage we have quoted, he would have modified his censure, and allowed that at least some English consuls form splendid exceptions to his general rule.

His work is, notwithstanding this severity towards English consuls, not only important as a history of consular establishments, but also as a vade-mecum for all those who are, or hope to become, consuls; or who have, or may have, relations with them.

#### TOPOGRAPHY.

*A Chorographical and Statistical Description of the District of Columbia, the Seat of the General Government of the United States, with an engraved Plan of the District and View of the Capital; by D. B. Warden, &c. Paris, 1816. 1 vol. 8vo.*

Who is not interested in a description of Columbia and the City of Washington, a name that never fails to recal so many images of unsullied virtue and real glory. Mr. Warden traces the statistical history of Columbia from the period of its becoming the permanent seat of government in 1801; he describes the progress of its agriculture, its canals, its rivers, its commerce, and dwells with pleasure on the embryo metropolis of the vast Republic of America; and, when he relates the Vandal attack on the infant city by the English in 1814, who destroyed to the amount of 1,215,111 dollars, in burning the capital, the president's house, and the public offices, we are almost inclined to forgive his animosity against the conduct of English consuls. It is worthy of remark, that the author is equally severe upon the Americans, where he thinks they deserve it. What shall we think of boarders in boarding-houses or taverns throwing off their coats in the heat of summer, and in winter their shoes to warm their feet at the fire? customs, he observes, which the climate only can excuse.

Mr. Warden's work contains notices on the federal government of the United States, &c. and concludes with a *Florula Columbianna*, or catalogue of the plants, &c. of Columbia. It is a curious little volume, and recommends itself warmly to general patronage.

GENERAL



# GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

## FORTY-SECOND VOLUME.

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END OF THE FORTY-SECOND VOLUME.

### ERRATA.

Page 255, last line, for *every* read *even*; p. 284, line 11 from bottom, for *wanted* read *I wanted*; p. 610, col. 2, line 12 from bottom, for *increased* read *incurred*.



